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TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

BY A. H. YOUNG, M.A.

TO be President of a University at twenty-one years of age; to found two Universities such as Trinity and Toronto; to cause indirectly the foundation of other two—Queen's and Victoria; to help, as Chief Superintendent, in establishing the common school system of a province; to make famous, by reason of his methods and the after-success of his pupils, two grammar schools—Cornwall and York; to give, as President of King's College Council, his fostering care for some twenty years to Upper Canada College; and, as his life was drawing very near its close, to see springing into life what has since become Trinity College School, Port Hope, intended to be a feeder to Trinity University, "the child of his old age," or, as he was wont to call it, "the child of the Church's adversity"; all this is surely enough to entitle a man's memory to a right to live in the country of his adoption.

All the more should he be remembered if, at the same time, he be a clergyman set over a village mission, who, looking out on the wilderness, sees children to be baptized, sick to be visited, dead to be buried, mourning ones to be comforted, and doubting ones to be confirmed in their faith, and "seeks recreation occasionally" from his ordinary work by what he called "missionary excursions," whose

range extended from Brockville to the Ottawa; who, when promotion to York came in 1812, (did it seem like promotion then?) "left Cornwall with deep regret, yielding only to the conviction that it opened to me a larger field of usefulness," and quitted him like a man in his new sphere through a long succession of years, receiving in due time the reward of his labours in being made, first, Archdeacon of York, and in 1839 Bishop of Toronto; who, nevertheless, regarding his new dignities as but a stimulus to greater exertion and higher endeavour, made exploring trips in canoe or skiff to Owen Sound, Bruce Mines, and the Sault, confirming children and grown men and women, cheering the drooping hearts of his missionaries, and consecrating churches; who built and rebuilt his cathedral church four times in succession, established a college at Cobourg for the training of the ministry, founded the Church Society for Missions, held his triennial visitations, organized his diocese, successfully made the experiment of a Diocesan Synod with lay representatives, and with careful foresight provided for the division of his diocese into three, when, in process of time, increase of population required it.

Again, not only do we see in him the educator and the spiritual shepherd, but the man of affairs also. On



SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON, BART.,  
*First Chancellor of Trinity University.*

his way to York in 1812, he manfully prepares to defend himself, his family, his goods, and his fellow passengers when the captain of the ship weakly talks of surrender to a supposed American privateer that was bearing down upon him. In 1813 he appears as envoy of the defenceless people of York, and with high words threatens the lake-coast towns of the United States with a like fate should General Dearborn burn the town. In 1818 he enters political life as a Legislative and an Executive Councillor, and, though he leaves the Upper House in 1840, he is still a power, fighting by pamphlet, petition, and address in behalf of his favourite idea, state connection and endowment for his Church, till his cause is finally defeated in 1854. For thirteen years more he lives; the smoke of battle clears away, old opponents have time to forget and forgive the hard blows he gave in return for those they dealt, the people generally remember the founder and

moving spirit of the Loyal and Patriotic Society that did much toward relieving distress in the war of 1812, the public-spirited man who, in the year of the cholera and that of the immigrant fever, visited and nursed the dying and buried the dead; and on All Saints' Day, 1867, the Right Reverend John Strachan goes down to the grave in the ninetieth year of his age, and, amid universal sorrow and regret, is buried in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, one of the "Iron Bishop's" most enduring monuments.

One of the saddest days in the whole of the Bishop's life, which, as he himself pathetically said in his Charge of 1860, "had been interspersed by a larger number of vicissitudes than usually happen to individuals," was undoubtedly New Year's Day, 1850. For then he knew finally that one of his most cherished hopes could never be realized. As early as 1827 he had obtained a royal charter for a university to be endowed from the provincial domain, which, though in connection with the Established Church, as that term is understood in England, was yet to be open to members of any and every communion without the exaction of any test. In 1843 King's College was inaugurated with great *éclat*, after modifications had been made in the charter to meet the views of opponents; but, as University Education and the Clergy Reserve question went hand in hand, secularization of the one meant secularization of the other also. The sentiment of the country in favour of both had grown, and the University Act of 1849 reorganized King's College on those lines. Hence the Bishop's disappointment. Nothing daunted, in February, 1850, he is out with a pastoral on the subject, and on the 10th of April—two days before his seventy-second birthday—backed by resolutions of friends and sympathizers, he is setting out for England to solicit a new

charter and to ask for help in building up another university after his own heart, and on the 9th of May he is laying his cause before the English public and English statesmen. "Relying on the blessing of God," he writes, "and using their own best exertions, they (the members of the Church of England) hope soon to succeed in establishing a university strictly and unreservedly in connection with their Church; a university not confining itself to instruction in human science, but a university of which the religious character shall be known and acknowledged, in which the doctrines of the Church of England shall be taught in their integrity, and in which her pure and 'reasonable service' shall elevate and sanctify the labours of the teacher and the scholar."

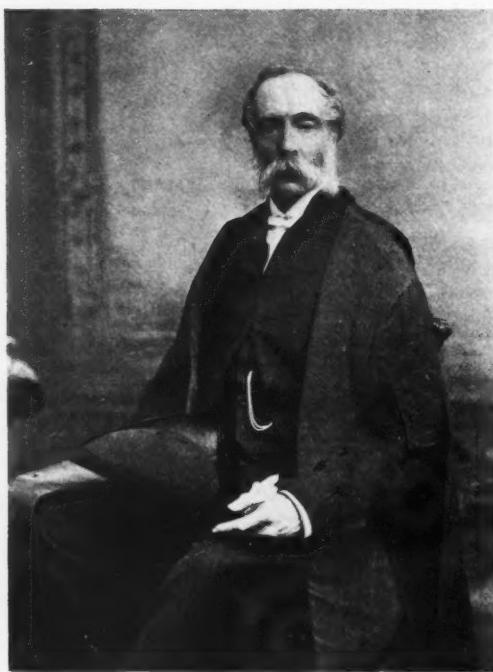
"We hope to succeed in establishing for ourselves, without pecuniary aid from any public source, a university clearly and avowedly in connection with our Church.

The efforts which I made in the province, just before my departure, have been nobly seconded. Within a few weeks the contributions in money and land amounted to more than twenty-five thousand pounds. Yet this effort, astonishing as it is, . . . is scarcely sufficient to erect the necessary buildings.

Hence, having done our utmost, my people, as well as myself, feel ourselves justified in relying with filial confidence upon the enlightened patriotism, the religious zeal, the generous sympathy of our brethren at home, for enabling us to establish, in this populous and important Colony, upon a sound foundation and on a liberal scale, a seat of learning with which political agitation shall have no pretence to meddle, and which will assuredly prove an invaluable blessing to the country and to many thousands in it who were inhabitants of the United Kingdom; and not a blessing to those only who belong to the Church of England, but to all who may desire to avail themselves



THE HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP STRACHAN.



THE HONOURABLE G. W. ALLAN, D.C.L.,  
*Chancellor of Trinity University.*

of the means of education which such an institution will offer." The response this time was generous, as it was afterwards, not only in England, but also in Canada and the United States, when Bishop Bethune, Bishop Fuller, the Venerable Archdeacon McMurray, Dr. Body, and the Reverends Saltern Givens, W. S. Darling, and R. H. Starr made similar appeals. Then, as later also, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge bestowed most liberal grants of money, lands, and books. The first Duke of Wellington gave land, the proceeds from which to this day maintain matriculation scholarships bearing his name, and, among other Canadians, the late Dr. Burnside made handsome donations.

But, to come back to the Bishop.

Melville. To the last-named belongs the honour of being the first historian of the University.

It was not in accordance with the policy of the Government of the day to charter any more universities, as a despatch from Lord Elgin shows, for it was hoped that Queen's and Victoria might be induced to affiliate with the University of Toronto. An Act of Incorporation as a College was passed by the Legislature, however, in 1851 and building operations were pushed on. On March 13th of the same year, the plans of Mr. Kivas Tully having been accepted, the contract was let, and the first sod was turned by the Bishop on St. Patrick's Day in the presence of the council, architect, and contractors. "The High Sheriff of the county," Dr. Melville writes, "volunteering to be his Lordship's barrow-

man, wheeled the barrow to the place of deposit." The corner stone was laid by the Bishop on the last day of April, the College authorities, undergraduates, and friends and contributors to the College having first attended divine service, intoned by the Reverend E. L. Elwood of Goderich, and listened to a sermon preached by the Archdeacon of York. From St. George's Church they marched in procession to the college grounds, preceded by beadle and mace.

Before laying the foundation stone, the Bishop made a short speech in which he said of the College:—"It will constitute a great Christian household, the domestic home of all who resort to it for instruction, framing them in the Christian graces, and in all sound learning, and sanctifying their knowledge, abilities and attainments to the service of God and the welfare of their fellow men." Chief Justice Robinson read the Latin inscription on the brass plate, and Dr. Hodder the translation. After the laying of the stone, Sir Allan McNab made a congratulatory speech, Master John Bethune presented a Latin address to the Bishop on behalf of St. Paul's Church Grammar School, to which a suitable reply was made, Archdeacon Bethune offered the Bidding Prayer, the Reverend H. J. Grasett (not yet Dean) said other prayers, and the Bishop brought the day's proceedings to a close with the blessing.

By the 15th of January, 1852, the building was far enough advanced for lectures to begin, so on that day the College was formally inaugurated. After morning service, in which Provost Whitaker and Professors Parry



THE REVEREND GEORGE WHITAKER, D.C.L.,  
*First Provost of Trinity College.*

and Irving all took part, adjournment was made to the large entrance hall, which for many a year after served as Convocation Hall, and here the students were with due ceremony matriculated. In his speech the Bishop rehearses the story of the enterprise, and tells how Niagara, Cobourg, and Hamilton had all wished to have the College, but how it came about that Toronto had been finally decided upon. Adverting to the purpose of the foundation, he says, "It would therefore seem that nothing is more likely to benefit students than to afford them an opportunity of living together in society—of which the regular attendance upon the religious ordinances, the observance of correct and gentlemanly habits, and obedience to a wholesome restraint, would form prominent features. Thence we

infer that without residence within the College, the full benefit of collegiate life and education cannot be obtained. The facts of attending daily service in the Chapel, morning and evening—listening to the religious lectures — dining together in the Hall, conversations on their progress in their studies, cheerfully conforming to the rules of order and regularity prescribed, will seldom fail to produce good habits."

Speeches were also delivered by Chief Justice Robinson, Arch-deacon Bethune, and the Provost, and the year's work began in earnest. Very shortly after its close, July 15th, all difficulties about the degree-conferring power were set at rest by the grant of a Royal Charter giving the College full University

absence of political control coupled with full autonomy for the colleges and adequate representation on the joint Senate of the University. Personally, I may say that, as a Toronto man and a Trinity man, loyal to both institutions, I think the best interests of higher education in this province will best be served by all the universities, as at present constituted, trying to work out their ideals each in its own

way in fair and chivalrous rivalry. Every one has its good points, and every one knows best where its own weak spots are. Unity of aim is a good thing, but uniformity of method is deadening, and I am afraid we have too much of that already in educational affairs.

But, as Federation is not within the range of practical politics, I shall refer to



THE REVEREND C. W. E. BODY, D.C.L.,  
Ex-Provost of Trinity College.

powers, for neither of the other denominational universities was willing to take advantage of the Act of 1849, or of 1853, though one has federated under the Act of 1887. Trinity's position has always been, that she can have nothing to do with any scheme that does not guarantee that definite religious instruction shall go hand in hand with literature and science, and that there shall be entire

another of the good Bishop's red-letter days—the 3rd of June, 1853, which witnessed the installation of his friend and helper in many a good work, Sir John Beverley Robinson, as first Chancellor of Trinity University. As the Chief Justice had been one of the Bishop's pupils in the Cornwall days, it was peculiarly gratifying to the latter, as he himself said, to welcome him to the office to which the council had elected

him. With honourable pride, the Chancellor told how the first of his father's family who came from England to America was one of the original governors of William and Mary College, founded in the colony of Virginia, and that his name is to be found among the trustees nominated in the Royal Charter which issued under the Great Seal of England on the 8th of February, 1692. "I rejoice," he added, "that in the contest which nearly a century afterwards ended in the separation of that colony from the Crown, his descendant took such a part as has enabled me to give my assistance, unimportant as it may be, in establishing at this late day in another British Province a similar institution, founded under happier auspices, and with a reasonable prospect under the vivifying influence of Episcopal superintendence of far greater and more enduring results." The speech closed with a reference to a project for celebrating the Bishop's jubilee by raising a scholarship fund. This project was carried through and matriculants now reap the reward. It is noteworthy that the installation of the present Chancellor (a son-in-law of the first, by the way) was coincident with the opening of Convocation Hall, which, through the liberality of the late

Mr. T. C. Street of Chippawa, the family of the late James Henderson, Esq., and others, stands as a memorial to the Bishop. Of our Chancellors, the first served ten years before his death; the second, the Honourable John Hillyard Cameron, through every stage of its history, a staunch friend of the university, for thirteen years; and the Honourable G. W. Allan is now in his twentieth year. As mayor of the city, member of Parliament, president and patron of the Canadian Institute, to which he gave the site of its building, as a business man, as Speaker of the Senate, and as one ever interested in good works of every kind, Mr. Allan, as Chancellor, sheds lustre upon Trinity University, with which he has been connected in one capacity or another from the time of its foundation, and to which he has given time, money

and counsel without stint.

Good as her Chancellors have been, her Provosts have been just as good, and, as they are more intimately connected with the every-day work, that is something for us to congratulate ourselves upon. They have all, as it happens, been members of the University of Cambridge. The first Provost ruled his college well for twenty-eight years, then returned to England to rest in a country parsonage, but the



THE REVEREND E. A. WELCH, D.C.L.,  
Provost of Trinity College and Vice-Chancellor  
of the University.



earthly rest did not last long, for on Convocation Day, 1882, the Chancellor referred feelingly to his death. His aims were high, and he set the tone of the university for years to come. In his inaugural address he says, "God is to be served in the state as well as in the church—the layman needs religious education no less than the cleric. . . . A society has its youth, and the character then stamped upon it—it will long retain. . . . By unconstrained acts of deference and obedience towards superiors—of courtesy and kindness to equals and inferiors—must we give expression to those principles which should actuate us as Christian gentlemen." The best apology for any teacher, and the best advertisement for any college are the men they train. Dr. Bourinot, Major-General Robinson, Bishop Baldwin, and the Reverend Dr.

converted into a library, which is now too small for the books we own. New professorships were founded, notably those in Philosophy and History, and an additional one in Divinity. Fellowships were established in various departments, and the departments of Science and Modern Languages were reorganized. From time to time the buildings had to be enlarged, the west wing being extended northward in 1889-90, thus giving increased living-room and class-room accommodation, together with a students' library and reading-room, and baths, lockers, etc. The corner stone, this time, was laid by the present Bishop of Toronto in connection with the ceremonies held by way of celebrating the jubilee of the Diocese, November 22nd, 1889. In June, 1894; His Excellency the Governor-General laid the foundation stone of a three-storey ad-

Bethune are all living testimonies, among many more who are equally well known, of what the first Provost and those who were successively associated with him were able to do in the way of making men.

Trinity points with pride also to Mr. Archibald Lampman and Mr. Gilbert Parker, mention of whom brings us to Dr. Body's régime. Coming as Dr. Body did, at the age of thirty or thereabouts, energy was, of course, to be expected. The endowment was largely supplemented, Convocation revived and made a most healthy organization, a new chapel was built, and the old chapel was



THE REVEREND OSWALD RIGBY, M.A.,  
Dean of Trinity College, and Prof. of History.

dition to the east wing, which, together with the gymnasium, makes the limits of the two wings coextensive.

At Trinity, as elsewhere, the question of the education of women had to be faced, and, as an experiment in coeducation did not work well, it was decided to establish St. Hilda's College. While the attendance was small, it was found possible, to a certain extent, to duplicate the lectures without overtaxing the staff of Trinity; but, on Dr. Body's resigning in 1894 to accept a professorship in the General Theological Seminary at New York, it was decided that the time had come to make some change. As there was not money enough for St. Hilda's to under-

take to engage a full teaching staff of its own, it was decided to revert to the coeducation plan—not as the best thing, but as the only one practicable. Fortunately St. Hilda's has had at its head from the very first a most capable and womanly woman, who has made the college in truth a home for those committed to her care and who, by the training she gives, has proved beyond a doubt that women need not lose any of the charms of womanhood by seeking to obtain the higher education. Under the new order of things St. Hilda's becomes only a residence and the Lady Principal a sort of Dean. By the end of another year it is hoped that the college will have a home of its own and that rented quarters, more or less unsuitable, will be a thing of the past.



THE REVEREND WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L.,  
Senior Professor of the Staff of Trinity College.

Though they have often been made the means of securing aid for St. Hilda's College, the Saturday afternoon lectures were established years ago for the purpose of giving pleasure to the friends of the university. Other institutions have followed Trinity's lead, so that in Autumn and Lent there is now no dearth of employment for those of a literary turn of mind. No man, perhaps, deserves more credit in connection with this form of collegiate activity than the Reverend Dr. Clark, who for fourteen years has been the attraction to students to enter upon the study of the subject that a Scotchman ought almost by right to profess—Metaphysic. By the retirement of Dr. Jones from the active duties of his professorship, Dr. Clark becomes the senior member of the staff, and it is only fitting that the dignity should rest upon him for, on account of his lectures and sermons, his name, more than that of any other member of the faculty, has come to be associated with Trinity in the minds of the public.

About ten years ago when Federation was being canvassed, Trinity entered into an arrangement with Queen's and Victoria in virtue of which the three universities accepted a common matriculation curriculum and held a common examination. Out of this grew the present scheme which is managed by a joint board, in connection with which Trinity and the other denominational universities yet hope to have the old understanding carried out, that, if they gave up their plan and accepted the larger one, they should have a share in working it. At the two conferences that have been held for the purpose of arranging a programme of studies for matriculation under this joint scheme, Trinity has had representatives. At the first, Professor Clark had the honour of moving the resolution which, for the first time in the history of university education in this province, fixed a definite common standard of marks.

At the second, although no votes were taken, the Trinity representatives strongly advocated the raising of the standard and insisted upon a change being made in the old system of options, which were ridiculous as well as mischievous.

Any man might well be proud to leave such a record behind him as that which I have shewn Dr. Body to have left, and his successes will, I am sure, be an incentive to his successors to equal, if not surpass, them. The present Provost came to us almost a year ago, with high scholastic honours, a sound theological training, received, partly at least, under the renowned Bishop Lightfoot, and some experience of parochial work, the value of which is inestimable in a man, part of whose duties is to be training pastors. In his first sermon in chapel, he said: "Progress, and progress towards a definite aim and with a fixed purpose—these are the thoughts on which I wish for a few moments to dwell this morning. . . . The College should ever be moving forward, and moving to a definite aim. . . . The only hope for an institution, as for an individual, in these days of progress, is to keep moving, to advance in life with the advancing life all round. . . . However good the work done here in years gone by has been, better work still should be done in the years to come. . . . It is in the power of every member of the College to do something, however small his part may be, to secure, not only that we do not fall behind the standard of the past, but that, heirs of all that has gone before, we plant our footsteps a little higher on the steps of intellectual attainment." Then he speaks of religious education as being "one that does not ignore, but, on the contrary, tries to cultivate the spiritual part of the complex nature in which we are created." Of tone, that "indefinable thing, almost mysterious," he says: "And, naturally, no one knows what a college really is so well as its under-

graduates. You know what the tone is; you know exactly where it is all that it should be, and where it might be raised, and may I say? it is only you, ultimately, who can raise it to yet higher levels." Nor has the appeal been in vain. Undergraduates, if treated like men, act like men, and they have risen to the occasion. If space permitted I should like to write something about the side of our collegiate life with which they are more intimately connected. Suffice it to say, that they showed by the address presented to the Provost at his installation as Vice-Chancellor of the University, that they fully appreciate his ability and readiness to see things from the student, and from the Canadian, standpoint. Strong in mutual confidence and respect, undergraduates and faculty are doing their utmost to make the glory of Trinity brighter and greater than ever.

At the head of his staff, the Provost has in Mr. Rigby, the Professor of History, a Dean whose management of the Residence has been in every way a credit to himself and the College, and whose mastery of details is simply invaluable in the conduct of university business generally. Of Dr. Jones,

the Registrar and Bursar, the best I can say is, that without him Trinity in the last thirty years would not be Trinity. Business-like, courtly, genial and kind, he has served his *Alma Mater* faithfully and well, and, while others have come and gone, he has remained at his post, lending continuity to her history. When he found it necessary four years ago at Christmas to resign the Deanship, the undergraduates petitioned that he might be retained, and, when he requested a year ago that he should be relieved of the professorship of Mathematics, there was but one feeling of satisfaction that his connection with the place was not to cease altogether. Looking out over the future, Trinity's prospects are bright, whether we consider the narrower view of the college with its twin residences for men and women, or the wider one of the Anglican University of Ontario, "broad as the Church of England herself," embracing the faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, Medicine, Music, Pharmacy, and Dentistry, and supported by Trinity Medical College, the Ontario Medical College for Women, and the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

## WILD-FLOWERS.

ELYSIAN days! when graceful blossoms blow  
Along the wayside everywhere I go,  
And swing their petal-censers in the breeze,  
Laden with incense to perfume the leas.  
Ye deft embroiderers in comely hues  
Of Nature's vernal mantle, tell me whose  
Inimitably wondrous art you ply  
To conjure from the inner world the shy,  
Pale Lily of the Valley; Eglantine,  
That flaunts its beauties where most often seen;  
Wild Arethusa, mocking (quaint buffoon!)  
The Blue Flag's aristocracy of June;  
And Summer's myriad florage so grand,  
Evoked from Hades by thy occult wand.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

## THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Democratic party of the United States has declared for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one of gold. The party that for three consecutive Presidential elections has chosen a strong conservative man like Grover Cleveland as its leader and standard-bearer, has now thrown aside all pretence to conservatism and raised the standard of anarchy. In 1892, the Democratic party was drawing to its ranks the best elements of all parties, because its leader and platform promised to uphold the honor of the nation, and maintain its credit at home and abroad. This year the element which had supported Cleveland, and which has stood by his policy since he resumed his high office, was completely overcome by men who scorn the beaten tracks of ordinary statesmanship, and who seem determined to overthrow the existing state of things without regard for cost or consequences.

Free coinage of silver is the chief plank of the new platform, and the fight purports to be between silver and gold. But this is the most superficial view of the real issue. In most of the great political contests of the world, the watchwords only dimly outline the essence of the thing aimed at. The objective point of the silver party in the United States lies a great deal beyond the mere coinage of the white metal, and the overthrow of the predominating power of gold in the industry and commerce of the world. The silver agitation is the most convenient way of getting there. It is the most definite and easily understood method of appealing to the popular imagination, and, at the same time, cloaking the real objects which might be alarm-

ing to timid minds whose support they desire to obtain.

Let us try to get at the heart of this agitation. Hitherto the two great political parties in the United States have contained strongly conservative elements, and their ideals and methods of government were not essentially dissimilar. Once the Democratic party represented States' Rights as opposed to Federal authority. But the war very largely obliterated this as a practical issue. The Republicans were in power during the war, and came out of it with the glory of maintaining the Union. It had the work of reconstruction on its hands, and this gave it control of the nation's destiny for some years. It made it the National party, and permitted it to gain the kudos always attached to constructive statesmanship. In time this work was done and the ship of state sailed on. Then came the inevitable concomitant of a long period of power and of office-holding corruption. But besides, and more important, the system of Protection kept steadily developing. It is a policy which grows upon a nation insensibly. It has its root in human selfishness, and one favour in the direction of special legislation leads to another. Iron gets an additional plum. Sugar must have another. Woolen gets a fresh sop. Rope and cordage must have an equivalent. And this kind of legislation, quite designed to build up a few great industries and utterly regardless of the interests of the masses, was deliberately pursued under the Republican *régime* for twenty years. It got its original justification from the avowed necessity of paying off the war debt, but it got a continuing sanc-

tion from the pressure and power of great interests which were the beneficiaries, and it was sugar coated, as all special legislation is, by the glowing declaration that industrial life is quickened by Protection, and the wicked foreigner duly worried.

The result of all this was inevitable. The Republican party became tainted. Its prestige was shattered by a number of discreditable revelations in connection with public business, and there was an audible protest growing against special legislation. Millionaires were multiplying, and the millions of these were multiplying. Railway monopolies were springing into existence. Farmers were bled to pay large dividends on watered stock. The telegraph was vested in great corporations whose only aim was dividends and wealth.

The Democratic party, as its fortunes began to revive, placed itself on the platform of clean government and gradually against special privileges and tariff legislation. In 1884 Mr. Cleveland was chosen as the Presidential candidate, and the public felt assured that this meant clean government. A reform of the tariff was in the air. Protests against monopolies were freely made by the Democratic leaders and these found an echo in the hearts of the masses. These rallied to the Democratic standard and Mr. Cleveland was elected, the first time since 1856 that a Democrat had gained the Presidential chair.

Little could be done to mitigate the evils of the protective system during the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first administration. The House was Democratic but the Senate was still emphatically Republican and could block the way. The years rolled by with scarcely anything achieved except that a number of officials changed. As the term was approaching expiration Mr. Cleveland did one brave and manly act. He assailed the high tariff policy in clear and pungent terms. He created a new, defi-

nite and far-reaching issue. By this he aroused the power of the privileged classes. Large sums of money were subscribed by the beneficiaries of special legislation, and he was defeated in 1888. This was the first great tug between the masses and the millionaires, and on the first round the latter won.

In 1892, the rank and file of the Democracy demanded Cleveland as a candidate, and got him in spite of the bosses, whose chief aim was power and office. This time the people won and Cleveland was overwhelmingly elected in spite of the most desperate efforts of Privilege. With him came in a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate, and the way was clear for effective reform legislation. For a few years prior to this struggle there had been forming in the West a Populist or People's party, and its influence was extending into the South. The men who headed this movement were not satisfied with the platform of either of the regular political parties. These struggling men reflected the bitter and deep-seated resistance to the selfish system whereby men were being made millionaires at their expense. They found the land grabbed by the landlords; the railways and telegraphs controlled by the monopolists; and the industrial life of the country in the hands of a few great individuals or corporations who were reaping all the enormous profits of special legislation while the toilers who kept the machinery running were living on a paltry pittance. The farmers of the West were kept reduced to almost the misery of despair. Low prices for farm products, high freights and high prices for goods consumed—this was the galling condition of the Western settler. These people said, we must have not only a reduced tariff, but railway exactions must be got rid of at all hazards, and the power of gold curtailed. Here we are getting pretty close to the core of the silver question.

The Populist party developed quite a strength in the Presidential election of 1892. They polled over one million votes and carried two or three Western states; their power would have been much further developed if it had not been that the South, where the Populist sentiment had taken deep root, was so Democratic that the idea of electing its President was still an overshadowing aim.

Mr. Cleveland's second administration has been a comedy of errors and misfortunes from the start. The Democratic party was in complete power in both the Legislative Houses and had the Executive. The masses were eagerly looking for reform. Good men in the United States who plainly recognized that special privileges were morally wrong, and that millionaire-making was a dangerous and disastrous thing for a nation, looked to see the evils of the tariff reformed, to see monopolies swept away, and equal opportunities afforded to all. The body of the industrial classes were looking to see big concerns shorn of their overweening power, and fair play given to honest labor. All recognized that too much power was in the hands of a few great corporations, and that the capitalistic class which centred in New York was exercising too much control over the destinies of the nation. Now that the Democrats had full control a new era was to commence.

What happened was that while the best men in the party under the inspiration of Mr. Cleveland tried to get an honest tariff through Congress, they were met and foiled at every step by men who represented the monopolistic class. It was soon found that in the Senate of the United States the Democrats were mixed up to the teeth with Wall Street. Others were interested in sugar, still others in coal and iron. These men were like the Scotch fisherman who wanted free trade in everything except herrings. One man in the Senate was willing

that all vestiges of protection should be removed except upon collars and cuffs manufactured in his town! The result was that the tariff act which finally became law disappointed everybody. The Republicans and their tariff proteges were against it, of course; every honest tariff reformer was disappointed and grieved by the utter and humiliating failure of his party to do anything. But the greatest point was that the masses saw plainly that there was nothing in the way of genuine reform to be expected from the Democratic party. Not a blow had been struck at the combines; Gorman and Brice were up to their eyes in league with the Sugar Kings and Coal and Iron magnates. Not a step was to be taken to curtail the power of corporate wealth and to give hope to the toiling farmers and wage earners of the country.

It happened at this time that the Treasury was subject to a deficit, and this led to a drain of gold from the Treasury vaults. Mr. Cleveland believed in maintaining the national credit to the highest point at home and abroad. He therefore issued treasury bonds and sold them for gold in order that he should always have a large reserve of gold available. This step was opposed to all the ideas of the Populists and those who believe in silver. It suited the policy of the great lending classes in New York and was hence obnoxious to those who wanted something done to break down the money power of Wall Street.

The result of all these causes combined was to leave the way open for a vast and powerful Populist party, and such a party would have come into existence if a majority of the Democratic party had not anticipated it and gathered all the elements of discontent to their fold. If a majority of the recent Democratic Convention had declared for a gold standard and nominated a gold candidate for President, then there would have been a formidable fusion of the silver and

Populist parties; but the movement becomes much more formidable when it takes form under the leadership of one of the great political parties of the nation. The cry for Silver, as was said at the beginning, means much more than a mere question of coinage. It means an upheaval of the toiling masses, and a desperate struggle to break the power of wealth, monopoly and privilege. Call it Socialistic, if you will—it is, at bottom, that; call it anarchy, in a certain sense it is even that. The men at the head of this movement are quite content that things should be turned topsy-turvy in order that certain dangerous powers which have grown up under the wing of Privilege, should be restrained. The very objections which are urged to free coinage are what commend it to the ardent support of its champions. "It will completely disarrange finance," cry the gold men. "True," responds the Silverite, "that is exactly what we want. New York has had control of the gold of the nation, and this is the basis of currency. By this means she has absolute power over the whole finance of the country. She can make gold appreciate to suit her interest, and wheat and corn correspondingly depreciate. She revels in interest-bearing bonds and she wills that the Western farmer shall get only fifty cents in gold for his bushel of wheat, and even then so limits the medium of exchange that he has to pay tribute to the banks for the ordinary transactions of life."

The essence of the Silver movement is a rebellion against the power of accumulated wealth, which, acquired by special and unfair means, has for years exercised an undue control and overweening influence. It has controlled Presidents and Congresses. It dictates the utterances of the Press. The pulpit cringes before it. Representing not more than four or five per cent of the population of the United States, it has more real influence in shaping the policy of the nation than

eighty per cent of the toiling masses. Under a system of popular government this cannot go on forever. The people will yet rule and this silver movement looks as if they had taken the bit in their mouth, and were resolved to have a great deal to say as to how the nation should be governed. It does not disturb the average silver man to tell him that the free coinage of silver dollars at the ratio to gold of 16 to 1 will injure the national credit and lead to a panic in Wall Street. That is just what he wants. He believes—and this, of course, is very immoral—that a large portion of the money owed to the creditor class has been unjustly acquired, and he is not worried at the thought that the debt should be paid in silver, even though it is really but fifty cents on the dollar. The movement for silver is not essentially different from a movement to strike down special privileges, high duties, and land monopolies; but it is more superficially specious and more easily and quickly appeals to the imagination and sympathy of the mass of the people.

It looks now as if the forces arranged against the new movement were too strong to give it any reasonable chance of success. Wall Street is thoroughly aroused and will spend its millions freely to crush out such a dangerous theory. But the fight is an open and undisguised one. The silver men will point out that they are fighting against these very forces and appeal to the victims of the gold power to protect themselves from their ancient and implacable enemies. Mr. Bryan will have the support of those who are feeling the pinch of poverty—who are conscious of inequality of opportunity in the industrial conditions of the nation, and who would like to see existing conditions uprooted through revolution and a little anarchy were involved in the transition.

In a certain sense, and in much modified form, this condition of war-

fare between masses and privileged classes exists in Canada. For years past it has been the policy of the Ottawa Government to build up great and powerful interests by virtue of special legislation ingeniously cloaked under the specious guise of encouraging home industries. The example has been in a certain degree contagious, and indications are not wanting of a tendency on the part of political leaders to make themselves solid, not by having sole regard to the interests of the people, but by means of creating great and powerful interests which are supposed to have an overshadowing weight in the political scale. Let it be fully and maturely understood that from a policy of this kind a reaction is sure to come. Under a system of popular government, the five per cent or the ten per cent cannot rule forever, nor, indeed, rule at all, unless their rule be equitable and fair. The very influences which drove the masses of loyal Frenchmen in the great Revolution to cut off their king's head, to exile the rich nobles, and to take the government into their own stern hands, will, at no distant day, achieve the downfall of special privileges in the United States, curtail the power of wealth, and inaugurate a stern era of popular government. If the provocation is sufficient, Canada will have the same experience.

A new government has just been installed in power here. It succeeds one which was persistently charged with being the patron of great interests, and whose policy was avowedly moulded on the lines of protecting great industries. What will the new administration do? Will there be inexorable justice dealt out to all classes? Will there be an heroic adhesion to the broad and unchangeable principles of absolute equality, or will there be a timid leaning toward compromise,—a disguised dicker on the basis of cutting off the pig's tail by little bits, so that the animal may suffer less pain? These are the questions which observing men are now watching with interest. This much may be affirmed with certainty—the pendulum will continue to swing to and fro. Every undue concession made to a class will be atoned for when the pendulum swings back. The true method of government is inexorable justice and fair-play to all, and special privileges to none. The statesman who dares to govern in the interests of the people, and the whole people, may not be able to hold power long; but he will make history and lay the foundation for a renown not based upon the fleeting and pitiful claim of having been able so to pull the wires as to be forever holding office and drawing salaries.

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#### SMALL, INDEED.

Earth's acres are all too few  
For the millions she has bred ;  
But, small is the share of the dead,  
Only a hill-side or two.

MARY MARSTYN.



OUR PARTY ON LAKE ATHABASCA.

## THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

*A Journey of 3,200 miles by Canoe and Snow-shoe.\**

BY J. W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S.

### I.—FROM EDMONTON TO FORT CHIP-PEWYAN.

IT was on the 10th of May, 1893, that I boarded a train for Toronto, with the object of meeting my brother, J. B. Tyrrell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, and making final arrangements with him for our trip to the north.

We had been authorized by the Director of that Department to conduct an exploration into that great mysterious region of "terra incognita," consisting of about two hundred thousand square miles in extent, lying to the west of the northern portion of

Hudson Bay, and commonly designated as the "Barren Lands." Of almost this entire territory less had been known than of the most remote districts of "Darkest Africa," and excepting on the outer borders, its vast snow-driven plains had never been pressed by the foot of man save that of the dusky savage.

What rivers, lakes, or mountains, what stores of nature's wealth might exist in this great unknown, our country knew not. These were the questions submitted to us for solution.

Our party, consisting of eight men, was already made up; and our supplies, including two strong, varnished

\* This article will be completed in three issues. For many of the photographs used the writer is indebted to the Director of the Geological Survey.

cedar Peterboro canoes, were shipped by rail to Edmonton. Here in this northern railway-terminal town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the north branch of the Saskatchewan River, our party—with the exception of two western men—assembled on the evening of the 22nd of May.

Thus far the personnel of our party was as follows:—J. B. Tyrrell, geologist; myself, topographer and Eskimo interpreter; three Iroquois from Caughnawaga, Quebec, and one half-breed from Prince Albert. The Iroquois were three brothers named Pierre, Louis and Michel French. Pierre, the eldest, was a veteran with the paddle. A year or so before he had gained quite an extended reputation by running the Lachine Rapids on Christmas day out of sheer bravado. His brother Louis had also won some distinction as a boatman through having accompanied Lord Wolseley on his Egyptian campaign; whilst Michel, the youngest brother and smallest of the three, was known to be a good, steady fellow. One western man, John Flett, from Prince Albert, had been highly recommended as a man of great experience in northern travel, and as being steady and reliable. All of the men spoke English fairly well except Michel, who could speak only Iroquois and French. Such was our party at the commencement of the journey.

Necessarily several days were spent at Edmonton, where we found our supplies awaiting us. Though provisions had been ordered in advance at the Hudson Bay Company's store at this place, a little delay was caused on account of their not being ready upon our arrival; but by the morning of the 27th our outfit was loaded upon waggons and sent off upon the northward trail leading to Athabasca Landing, a small Hudson Bay Company's post situated one hundred miles distant on the banks of the great Athabasca River. Two days later, on Monday morning, my brother and I started out in a light vehicle after the

outfit. The weather was showery, and in many places the trail was very soft. Occasionally deep mud-holes were met with, bearing evidence of the recent struggles of the teams of our advance party, but as we ourselves were travelling "light" we had little difficulty in making good progress.

Late in the day the weather cleared, and permitted us to enjoy the view of the lovely country through which we were passing. As to the soil, it was chiefly a rich black loam, and was well covered, even at this early season, between the clumps of poplar scrub, by rich prairie grass. A few settlers were already in the field and had built or were building log cabins for themselves on one side or other of the trail.

A little farther on our way the country became more hilly, the soil more sandy, and covered by the most beautiful park-like forests of jack pine. Many of the trees were as much as fifteen inches in diameter, but the average size was about eight inches. After passing through some miles of these lovely woods we again merged into more open country, wooded alternately in places with poplar, spruce and jack pine.

About nine o'clock in the evening, when half way to the Landing, we reached the height of land between the two great valleys of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca rivers. Here, upon a grassy spot beside a pond of water, we decided to make the first camp of our journey. As the night was clear no tents were pitched; but after partaking of some refreshments, each one rolled up in his blanket and lay down to sleep beneath the starry sky.

Though we rested well, our slumbers were somewhat broken by the fiendish yells of prairie wolves from the surrounding scrub, and the no less diabolical screams of some loons which were sporting upon the pond close by. An effort was made to have the latter

nuisance removed, but any one who has ever tried to shoot loons at night will understand the immensity of such an undertaking.

At six o'clock the following morning we were again upon our way to the Landing. During the day we made several halts to rest and feed the horses, and passed several freighters carrying supplies for some of the northern Hudson Bay Company's trading posts. Without further incident we arrived about nine o'clock on the evening of the 30th of May at Athabasca Landing, only a few hours after our loads of supplies, which we were glad to find had all been safely landed. On

account of the roughness of the road we had been a little anxious regarding the safety of our canoes, but as they had been well crated they stood the journey without being seriously damaged.

The town of Athabasca Landing, consisting in all of six log buildings, situated in the deep and beautiful valley of one of the greatest rivers of America, is an important station of the Hudson Bay Company, being the point from which all the supplies for the many trading posts along the Athabasca and McKenzie rivers are shipped, and the point at which all the furs from these places are received.



In order to provide for the shipping business, the Company has erected a large wharf and warehouse, beside which, upon our arrival, one of the first objects which attracted our attention was the uncouth looking stern-wheel river steamer *Athabasca*.

It is a fact I think not very widely known, that from this place up stream for about one hundred miles, and down stream for fifteen hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean, this great northern water-way, excepting at two rapids, is regularly navigated by large river steamers owned by the Hudson Bay Company, and employed by them in importing provisions and trading supplies, and in exporting their valuable harvests of furs.

Because of the two impassable rapids the river is divided into three sections, and three steamers are necessary. Goods are transported from one boat to the other by means of scows over the greater part of the rapids, but for a short distance at "The Grand Rapid" by means of a tramway built for the purpose.

As we had previously ascertained, the steamer *Athabasca* was due to leave the landing on her down trip on or about 1st June, so taking advantage of the opportunity we shipped the bulk of our stuff by the steamer to Fort Chippewyan, situated three hundred and fifty miles down the river on Lake Athabasca, and on the evening of the 31st May, provisioned only for the trip to Chippewyan, we launched our elegant "Peterboros" in the great stream and commenced our canoe voyage.

Our trip down the Athabasca and thence easterly through the great lake of the same name was not without interest; but as this section of seven hundred miles of our route has been traversed and described by earlier explorers, I propose to abbreviate this narration by passing over it.

Before proceeding, however, one or two points will require explanation. At the outset of our journey we had

only two canoes and four Indians, but by arrangement a third canoe and two other men joined us at Fort McMurray as we passed down the river. Also, at Fort Chippewyan a guide was obtained, and it was hoped that he would be of great service to us; but before the unknown country was reached the guide had deserted.

## II.—FROM STONE RIVER TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

About a month had passed, and on Sunday, the 2nd of July, we were in camp at the foot of a wild and beautiful cataract near the mouth of the Stone River, which discharges its foaming waters into the eastern extremity of Lake Athabasca.

The weather was very warm, and the black flies and mosquitoes swarmed in the woods and about camp so that we could find no escape from their ceaseless hum and dreaded bite. In this neighbourhood they did not exhibit the customary respect for a smudge; for dense smokes were made about camp, but the flies appeared to revel in them.

During the day my brother and I indulged in a walk up the river to view the falls, and we were well repaid for our trouble; for they presented many varied and magnificent views. Near camp, at the foot of the rapids some of the men were otherwise occupied. They had set out a gill net on Saturday night, and when taken up in the morning it was found to contain a number of beautiful fish, some of the finest specimens I have ever seen. Two salmon trout caught measured three feet one inch and three feet two inches in length respectively, and the white fish, of which there was quite a number, ranged in weight from six to ten pounds.

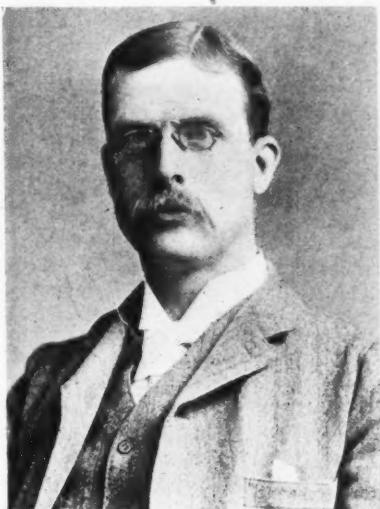
Following our day of rest there came one of most laborious exhausting work. Our camp was not only at the foot of a beautiful fall, but in consequence was at the lower end of a

rough and rocky portage, which was found to be three miles in length, and being near the beginning of our journey our canoes were all fully loaded, which meant that we had in the

hills and through swamps knee deep with mire. This was a disheartening beginning, but it was good training for what was to follow.

That night camp was made at the upper end of the portage on the shore of a small lake or expansion of the river.

The next morning the weather was unfortunately hot and the flies out in swarms as on the day before. Our men were all very foot-sore and stiff, but without a grumble resumed their work. Two more trips across the portage were necessary before everything was landed at camp, and by the time this was accomplished it was nearly noon; but without a pause—so eager were we to advance—our canoes were loaded, pushed out into the lake and headed for the opposite shore, where ere long we discovered the mouth of our river. But it was not for us to enter.



J. BURR TYRELL.

neighborhood of four thousand pounds of cargo to be transported.

One of our-men, Jim, was unfortunately laid up for the time with an ugly gash in his knee, so that we had only five packers; but being fresh and in high spirits they went at their work with a rush, notwithstanding a two hundred feet rocky hill which had to be climbed, and a deep muskeg which had to be waded through. Long before night, however, the spirits of the men experienced a sad depression, as the unaccustomed task told heavily upon them.

Before evening the feet of every man in the party were fearfully blistered, and all complained of pains and soreness. Each man had carried six loads across the portage, which represented a walk of thirty-three miles, eighteen of which were travelled with one hundred pound packs, over rocky



J. W. TYRRELL.

When yet far out on the lake we could see its foaming waters, and as we drew nearer could plainly hear the unmistakable roar of a cataract Some distance to the right of the river



FORT MCMURRAY.

a sand beach was observed, and going ashore upon it we found ourselves at the foot of our second long portage.

On account of the condition of our party camp was now ordered to be pitched, so as to give the men some chance to recruit; but my brother and I walked across the portage, which we found to be three and one-half miles in length. It was, however, a much less difficult portage than the former one, being more level and less rocky. Its upper end terminated upon the shore of Black Lake, where we had hoped to find some Indians who might be obtained to assist us across. But in this we were disappointed, as we found only old forsaken tepee poles and blackened fire places. Being weary, we tried to rest for a little while upon the shore of Black Lake, but the flies and mosquitoes swarmed about us with such frightful fury that we were soon compelled to beat a retreat and seek relief beneath our mosquito awnings at camp.

Regarding this portage, there is an Indian tradition which says that it was here the Great Spirit first made black flies, and certainly our experience would tend to bear out that belief.

The next day camp was moved to the bank of a little creek about three-

quarters of a mile farther on our way, and our canoes were carried entirely across the portage, but another day and a-half were occupied in landing everything upon the shore of the lake.

On the afternoon of the 7th we started out in a north-easterly direction, following the shore of Black Lake for a distance of about sixteen miles, until we reached the landing-place of an Indian hunting trail—of which

we had been informed—leading to the northward. This place, up to the present time, had been our objective point, and the road to it was known to us; but beyond, nothing was known of our road or the country through which it would lead us, excepting for a few days journey, of which we had some Indian information.

It was for these few days travel that we had hoped to have the assistance of a native Chippewyan guide; but long before reaching this place he had deserted us. He had found it too much exertion to keep up with our rate of travel. Though nominally our guide, he was usually scarcely visible in the rear, although always managing to turn up about the time meals were ready. I may say that the information which we had regarding the hunting-trail was to the effect that by following it up through numerous swamps, streams and lakes, and over a height of land into a large lake, we would find a "great river flowing to the north into a treeless country." As to where the river flowed to, we did not know. That was part of the work of discovery we had undertaken.

On the morning of July the 8th, therefore, without guide or map, we commenced our journey into the "Great Unknown Wilderness."

Our road started with a two mile portage through thickets, swamps, and over rocky hills; but by this time our men had become more accustomed to this work, and went about it in a more methodical manner.

My own first duty was at all times to make a survey of our route, and secondly, to collect the flora of the country, whilst my brother's time was chiefly devoted to geological research, and the general direction of the party; but when occasion demanded we also took our turn with the "pack straps," as we did upon this long and difficult portage.

In order to make an easier trail than the existing circuitous one, which led over sharp, angular stones and precipitous rocks, we were obliged to cut our way through a thicket for a distance of half a mile; and having done this, the work of again portaging through the forest was begun. Fortunately Jim, who had been crippled by a cut in his knee, was now able to be on duty again, and he proved to be a capital hand, the best of our party at

portage work. He would willingly load himself with a pack of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, and start off with it on the professional trot to the other end of the portage, in this case two miles distant; but it was amusingly different in the cases of some of the men.

The Iroquois always endeavored to secure for their packs such articles as tents, blankets, or dunnage, and after making immense bundles of little weight, they would stagger off with them, like old "Atlas" himself. However, all worked willingly and well, and it was ten o'clock at night before the last loads were laid down at our new camp on the shore of a tiny lake at the north end of the portage. Thus day after day we journeyed on, following the Indian hunting route across numerous lakes, over many wooded portages and up a large river, until we reached what we have named Selwyn Lake.

One evening, after a dreary day's travel in a chilling rain, a little incident occurred which may be of inter-



Francois Mauricee. Pierre French. John Flett. James Corrigal. Michel French. Louis French.

OUR CANOEMEN.

est. As I was seated by the camp fire enjoying a "pot" of tea and endeavoring to dry my clothes, my brother appeared from over the hill close by—where he had been pounding rocks—and reported having heard a cariboo calf in the swamp near at hand. Being always ready for sport I picked up my rifle, and getting him to point out the direction from which he had heard the noise, started out, though it was already nearly dark, for some venison. The dense spruce swamp was very wet, and literally alive with mosquitoes, which at my every step rose up from the wet grass in swarms and beat against my face.

A "run-way" was soon found, and then, thinking I was likely on the right track, I hurried noiselessly along through the gloom of the forest, hoping soon to hear something of the calf. After travelling some distance without any signs of success, I was about to return on account of the increasing darkness, but just then heard, a little distance ahead, the cracking of a stick. I had no doubt that it was caused by the foot of the fawn, and so quickly but silently glided on. Again and again the noise was heard, and each time nearer than the last, so my advance was continued more stealthily, until in a thicket of scrub, only a few yards ahead, the disturbing of some branches was noticed. Still no deer could be seen, but on creeping up closer I suddenly came within full view of a huge black bear seated upon his haunches and occupied in rubbing the mosquitoes off his nose. I confess I was somewhat surprised at the proportions of my supposed calf, but levelling my rifle, I fired at the side of bruin's head, whereat he exhibited some surprise by leaping into the air, making several delirious revolutions and bolting away into the gloom of the swamp. Though probably wounded, it had become too dark to follow him. The darkness had already caused my aim to be faulty, and so without further amusement I groped my

way back about a mile to camp, and related my adventure with a "cariboo calf."

Selwyn Lake was found to be a large body of water fifty miles in length, and at its northern extremity the height of land—of which our Indian informer had told us—was reached. Up to this line—situated in north latitude  $60^{\circ} 20'$ —the flow of the waters had been southerly, towards the Athabasca basin, but beyond it the country sloped gently towards the north and north-east, and, consequently, henceforward our course would be with the stream. Our elevation above sea level—ascertained from our barometric readings—was here about thirteen hundred feet; and upon this summit, which was timbered with spruce and tamarac, I climbed to the top of a tall tree and there nailed the Union Jack. As I descended I trimmed off its branches, and it made an excellent pole.

### III.—FROM THE HEIGHT OF LAND TO REINDEER CAMP.

Over the height of land a portage of a mile and a quarter had to be made, when our canoes were again landed upon the waters of what we have called Daly Lake, in honor of the Minister of the Interior of Canada.

The elevation of Daly Lake was found to be about fifty feet lower than that of the large lake which we had just crossed, and its length about sixty miles. Its shore line was deeply indented by bays, and much obscured by islands; but after a good deal of careful searching, the outlet—our informant's "Great River flowing to the north"—was discovered.

It was indeed a great, broad and rapid river, broken up into numerous channels, not deep, as a rule, but as it were the waters of the lake spilling out over the edge in the lowest places. This was the river we had set out to explore, so with nothing more than conjectures as to where it would lead

us, we pushed our canoes into the stream and sped away to the northward.

Landings were made when necessary in order to carry on the survey and examination of the country, but otherwise our canoes were kept in stream and our men at the paddles.

Many rapids were met with, but our veteran steersman, Pierre, with his skill and unflinching nerve, was usually able to choose his course and steer it, sometimes through channels between rocks little wider than his canoe.

Upon one occasion, which I well recollect, Pierre led the way for the centre of a wild rocky rapid. We soon saw that he was making for a heavy shoot between two great rocks, where the channel appeared barely wide enough to allow him to pass. I determined to follow; but our third canoe, steered by cautious Jim, sought a channel nearer shore, where there was not so much water. Pierre, by keeping straight in the centre of the

current, was shot through the notch in safety, but my steersman, being less skillful, allowed our canoe to be caught by an eddy, and in an instant it was whirled about like a cork in the boiling stream, but happily it entered the notch stern first, instead of sideways, and we were carried through in safety—no thanks to the canoe-man.

The third canoe fared worst of the three, for in the shallower water, it was dashed upon a great flat rock and smashed on the bottom, but its occupants by jumping out, or falling out (I am not sure which) upon the rock, managed to hold their damaged craft until assistance could be given them. The load of the disabled canoe was soon safely landed by one of the others, and the damage repaired.

We were now fairly beyond the limit of the woods, which for sometime past had been gradually becoming thinner and more scattered and of more stunted growth. On this account it is impossible to lay down any



IN CAMP AT CHIPPEWYAN.

definite line as the limit of the forest. Outlying patches of spruce and tamarack might still be found here and there in the most favored locations; but as a whole the country was now a vast rolling, treeless wilderness.

A stunted grass grew along the valley of the river, and in the low lying places; but much of the country was covered by dense beds of moss—not soft and spongy, but, with the exception of the upper few inches, frozen solid in perpetual glaciers, of what depth we could not ascertain. In some places where they had broken down into the river or lakes, they were observed to be as much as thirty feet in depth; but how much deeper they may have been it is impossible to say.

On the evening of the 28th of July we were in camp at the north end of an expansion of the river named Barlow Lake. Our supply of meat was already running low, for, being quite unable to carry provisions with us from the start for the whole trip, we had taken only a limited quantity of this form of food, trusting that with our rifles we should be able to replenish our supply from time to time by the way. Up to this time, however, we had seen nothing in the shape of game since leaving Lake Athabasca, excepting the one black bear. Plenty of old deer tracks had been seen, but not a single deer, and in consequence of this we were beginning to feel some anxiety. If game should not be found within a week or ten days it would be necessary for us to return, or proceed with the probability of starvation before us.

We had only begun to think seriously upon this question, when upon the evening above mentioned, just as we had gone ashore, a moving object was noticed upon a little island out in the lake. By means of the field glasses it was made out to be a deer, and I need hardly say that no time was lost in manning a canoe and pulling for the island. As we approached, the deer watched us closely, and soon,

satisfied of danger, bounded into the air, galloped to the farther side of the island, plunged into the water and struck out for the nearest shore. The rate at which the frightened animal tore its way through the water was really marvellous, and for a time it appeared as if, with our light canoe and four paddles, we would not be able to overtake it. Every muscle, both of deer and men, was strained, so that the chase became a veritable race for life. Unfortunately for the poor animal though, the course was too long, and before it could reach the shore we had overhauled and shot it. That night we enjoyed our first meal of venison.

The next day, after descending the river a distance of five or six miles, and getting into another body of water which has been named Cary Lake, and through which we were steering a central course, one of the party observed something moving upon the distant shore to our right. It was soon made out to be, not one, but a band of deer, so our canoes were headed for the land to leeward of the band, that they might not scent us as we approached. As we drew nearer, we found that there was not only one band but that there were many great bands literally covering the country over wide areas. The valleys and hill-sides for miles appeared to be moving masses of reindeer. It would be impossible to estimate their numbers. They could only be described in acres or square miles. We had heard of the great herds of buffalo which used to rove our western plains; but hearing of such things and suddenly being confronted by such moving acres of living flesh, are two very different experiences. After a short consultation, a place for landing near a small grove of tamarack (one of the last we saw) was chosen.

Rifles were examined and an ample supply of cartridges provided. Shot guns and revolvers were furnished to four of the men, and thus prepared,



H. P. COY'S. STEAMER "GRAHAME."

we landed and drew up our canoes. So far the deer had apparently not observed us; but to prevent a general stampede, it was arranged that I should go around to the rear of a large detachment of the herd near by, whilst my brother should approach them from the shore. Accordingly I was given fifteen minutes to run around a mile or so behind some rising ground. Meanwhile the rest of the party scattered themselves about in different places, and at the appointed time, my brother having approached within easy range, opened the fray by bringing down a noble buck. At this first shot the whole band—a solid mass of at least a thousand deer—was thrown into confusion, and they rushed and swayed to and fro, not knowing which way to flee. Following my brother, I opened a volley on them from the rear, and the men charged from the sides, whilst the two of them who were unarmed were obliged to take refuge

upon a great boulder to avoid being trampled. The band was quickly scattered, but not before a woeful slaughter had been made, and an abundant supply of fine fresh meat secured, for which we were sincerely thankful.

A fortunate circumstance in connection with the event was that there was wood at hand in the grove with which to make a fire and dry the meat; so having slain as many or rather more deer than we required, the men were set

to work to prepare dried venison for the remainder of our journey. We felt very much encouraged at our good fortune, since we thought we had now nothing to fear from lack of provision.

Several days were occupied in drying the eighteen or twenty carcasses which were preserved, and as this work was progressing my brother and I had ample time to roam over the hills and view and photograph the bands of deer which were still everywhere about us.



ELIZABETH FALLS, STONE RIVER.

After the slaughter of the first day we carried no rifles with us; but armed only with a camera, walked to and fro through the herds, causing little more alarm than one would by walking through a herd of cattle in a field. The whole experience was a most delightful and memorable one.

Before leaving "Reindeer Camp" a great commemoration cairn of rocks was built upon the summit of the highest hill; a record of our journey to date was put into a bottle and placed in it, and the "flag that has braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze" left floating above it.

*(To be continued.)*



#### MIDSUMMER IN MANITOBA.

HIGH up in air the fleecy clouds are sailing,  
So soft, so purely white, with silvery gleams,  
The heavenly blue looks deeper through their veiling,  
And the great sun with lessened fervor beams.

The air is vibrant with sweet sounds of summer,  
All insect life rejoices for an hour,  
Far up in shady trees leaves dance and shimmer,  
Where jubilant birds have built their airy bower.

Soft sigh the breezes bearing breath of clover,  
The prairie grasses seem to laugh with glee,  
Rippling with waves of silky whiteness over,  
Till all the fields look like a fairy sea.

But, hark! what means this low, portentous murmur?  
The sighing wind unto a gale has grown,  
The fleecy clouds, now dark and angry, lower,  
A flash,—a crash,—all nature seems to groan.

But wild and wilder still the awful chorus,  
The flaming heavens are darting tongues of fire,  
The thunder bursts like booming canon o'er us,  
The elemental war is waging higher.

With awe-struck heart and paling cheek we utter  
The solemn words unheeded oft before:  
"From lightning and from sudden death deliver,  
Good Lord, Thy people who Thy aid implore."

The storm is past, the skies have stayed their weeping,  
The stars are out, and dimly in the east  
Breaks the fair dawn, signaling night's releasing,  
Till sunset hour brings back the time of rest.

M. LE SUEUR MACGILLIS.

THE BALLAD OF THE BOLD SIR  
BRUN.

**C**RIED the bold Sir Brun : "With the wave and the wind  
And my true steel to stead me,  
Whatever land my fate shall find  
Must yield a wife to wed me!"

Then shoved his shallop from the sands,  
And westward, blithely, turned the prow—  
"My brethren three may keep their lands  
Till I have loosed my vow."

For thrice three days did bold Sir Brun  
Sail ever toward the set of sun ;

And now the fairy-fingered spray  
Leapt laughing with the white noonday ;

And now a waste of waters wan  
The moon and he, alone, looked on,

Till black above the ocean brim  
Some little isle peeped up at him.

Cried the bold Sir Brun : "Ho the wave and  
the wind  
And my true steel to steady me !  
And what land here this chance doth find  
Must yield a wife to wed me."

Full fleetly did his shallop swim  
Upon the willing waves to shore,  
Where lo ! a maid awaited him—  
One maiden and no more !

He beached his boat upon the sand  
And stooped to kiss her proffered hand ;

Then turning from the desert sea  
Went up with her all lovingly.

They wandered through the fields of flowers  
And noted not the fleeting hours ;

The mute enchantment of her gaze  
Hid from his sight the death of days ;

And the weeks, and the months, and the seasons passed  
Till winter waned their love at last.

Mused the bold Sir Brun : " 'Twas the wave  
and the wind  
And chance alone that led me ;  
What fault of mine if fate did find  
This pretty fool to wed me ?"

Then stole by night to the silent sands,  
And eastward turned a stealthy prow ;  
"My brethren three must yield their lands  
For I have loosed my vow."

But the maid was mistress of that sea,  
For the land was the land of old Faerie.

And ere Sir Brun had reached the deep  
She shook the whirlwind from its sleep.

A black hand blotted out the moon ;  
The winds fell sightless and aswoon ;

Close crushed beneath the bulk of night,  
The ocean panted, dumb with fright,

Till shrieking through the frenzied spray,  
The tempest sprang upon its prey.

And he heard her voice : "Nor the wave  
nor the wind

Nor thy vain steel shall steady thee,  
Nor in the land thy fate shall find  
Waits any wife to wed thee."

For a thousand fingers seized his boat  
And wrenching and tore it in their wrath,  
And the roaring waves leapt for his throat  
Like lions foaming froth.

But now the whirlwind sullenly  
Departed from the shuddering sea ;

And now a waste of waters wan  
The frightened moon again looked on ;

And now the wakened waves at play  
Leapt laughing with the dawn of day—

But sunk from sight of moon or sun  
'Twas lifeless lay the bold Sir Brun.

C. PRYME

## VIA CANOE.

**T**HE mists roll up  
From the bars of the river,  
The waters swing  
Where the willows lean over,  
As we drift out  
With the tide forever,  
Past sandy reaches  
And wheeling plover.

The mists are gone  
From the grey of the beaches,  
The waters rest  
The alder-trees under,  
As we drift down  
Past the river reaches—  
Through the rapids of Dream  
To the Roadstead of Wonder.

THEODORE ROBERTS.



FROM A PHOTO, BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

H. M. Tory, B.A.

F. H. Pitcher, B.A. Sc.

Professor Cox, M.A. (Cantab.)

TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR THIS ARTICLE,  
Professor H. L. Callendar, M.A. (Cantab.)

THE PROFESSORS OF THE MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING.

## THE PHYSICS BUILDING AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

BY F. TILLEMONTE-TOMASON.

### I.—ITS HISTORY.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, as far back as 1855, laid special emphasis upon the necessity of a "Department of Practical Science" in connection with McGill University, Montreal. The matter was taken up as speedily as possible, and from 1856 to about 1893 the new department suffered various vicissitudes, chiefly remaining, however, as a branch of the Faculty of Arts. In 1878 the Faculty of Applied Science was created—and although the Physics Building is still a department in the Faculty of Arts, yet its classes are attended pretty equally between "Arts" and "Applied Science" men; and the ruling minds of the Physics Building—Professor Cox and Professor Callendar—are on the staff of both faculties.

About the year 1888 the head men of McGill began to feel the pressing necessity of a special building for the Faculty of Applied Science and for Physics. Mr. William C. Macdonald, one of the Governors of the University, sympathised so truly with the desires of Sir William Dawson (the then Principal) and Professor Henry T. Bovey in this respect that he immediately, in his quiet unobtrusive way, commenced plotting out a scheme of his own—a scheme that would cost him in the long run, as he well knew, something like a million dollars—and as soon as his busy life permitted he started off on a series of visits to various universities in the States to see what was being done elsewhere, and what McGill really required; he made close studies at Harvard, Cornell and Baltimore, and when he had acquired a grasp of the necessities of the case he introduced Professor John Cox

upon the scene as the man best able to go into the subject exhaustively and in detail. This was in 1890.

Mr. Macdonald gave Professor Cox carte-blanche, simply asking him to create an ideal Physics Building that should be among the best in the front rank. After many months spent in hard work and travel Professor Cox formulated a Model Course of Study to be pursued by the students, and sketched out roughly the requirements of a building to be especially constructed and designed to meet this great educational programme.

To Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, the architect of the University, fell the task of studying these requirements and practicalising them; and it is unanimously admitted that from a scientific, constructive and architectural view-point, this difficult work could not have been more perfectly or more satisfactorily carried out. The Physics Building stands to-day as the epitome of the united labors—each in his own sphere—of Professor Cox and Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Macdonald gave Mr. Taylor also carte-blanche, in fact almost more; he practically said, "spend as much as you can, the more the merrier;" and he emphasised this more than ever when Professor Cox came to consider the question of the purchase of instruments.

On the 24th day of February, 1893, amidst all the brilliancy and distinction of state functions, were opened at one *coup* by his Excellency the then Governor-General—Lord Stanley of Preston—the "Macdonald Engineering Building," as well as the "Macdonald Physics Building."

Thus was built, thus equipped and thus set out as steadfast a ship as ever

sailed upon the largely undiscovered oceans of scientific-research; as ever spread her youthful pinions to the gentle breezes born of the breath of the gods: a ship that, like so many before, like so many probably still to come, may never reach port, never be able to say her journey is done; but which, ere she sink into the oblivion natural to all things terrestrial, shall have sighted many a harbour afar off—picked up many and many a shipwrecked discovery, and helped throw overboard, perhaps, many a fallacious theory or obsolete idea: a ship that, ere her history dissolves into the mists of an ever evanescent future, will have weathered many a storm, and ridden triumphantly again and again over the tempestuous billows of numberless heated controversies and intricate speculations: a ship that shall go as near the North Pole of Hidden Knowledge as any other of her contemporaries, nearer than most; and that shall, even in her extremest old age, serve as a light-ship and beacon of encouragement to the *youngerlings* that may succeed her after the lapse of centuries.

The destiny of the Physics department of McGill University will be as the destiny of Canada; and its future, like Canada's, can only be faintly foreshadowed even from the brilliant position it has already won for itself.

## 2.—DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

The edifice, of which two views are shewn in FIGS. 1 and 3, is of solid stone, evidently intended to last from generation unto generation. The artistic effect outside is in the Romanesque style of Architecture, a style which Mr. Taylor has made so justly popular and in which he takes a special delight; hence the happy result is a building solid yet elegant, beautifully proportioned, quaint in its features and yet thoroughly up to date in all its particulars.

The building is five stories in height,

exclusive of a fine suite of store-rooms in the attic floor—each floor having an area of over 8,000 square feet, the length being 125 feet and width 64 feet.

All the interior fittings are of finest oak and the floors of stained maple; the main floor beams are of solid oak, 15 inches by 12 inches, no steel or iron construction having been used in any part of the building on account of the magnetic disturbances caused by these metals—indeed, so necessary was this in a building intended to be absolutely perfect that even the nails in the flooring are of copper, as also are all heating coils, pipes, door locks and other metal fittings.

In addition to the Laboratories and large Lecture Theatre, there are whole suites of Laboratories and Apparatus-rooms for special studies, Mechanics, Optics, etc.; supplemental Lecture Theatres and Preparation rooms, as well as practical workshops; and a well stocked library containing every practical and valuable work on Physics.

The one great factor which has aided most towards securing the unrivalled perfection of this Building is that the Engineering Building was erected and designed not only at about the same time, but as part of the same general scheme, and the Architect seized upon this fact to concentrate in the Engineering Building all machinery likely to cause the least tremors or magnetic influences, thus leaving the Physics Building absolutely free from disturbances of even the most remote character; hence all power for lighting and for running the few light motors is derived from the Engineering Building.

In FIG. 5, we have a view of the chief Lecture Theatre, shewing the lecture table of solid slate 20 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide and 2 inches thick, supported on brick piers carried down to an independent foundation. This slate table is encased, without contact, with oak panelling, and has a

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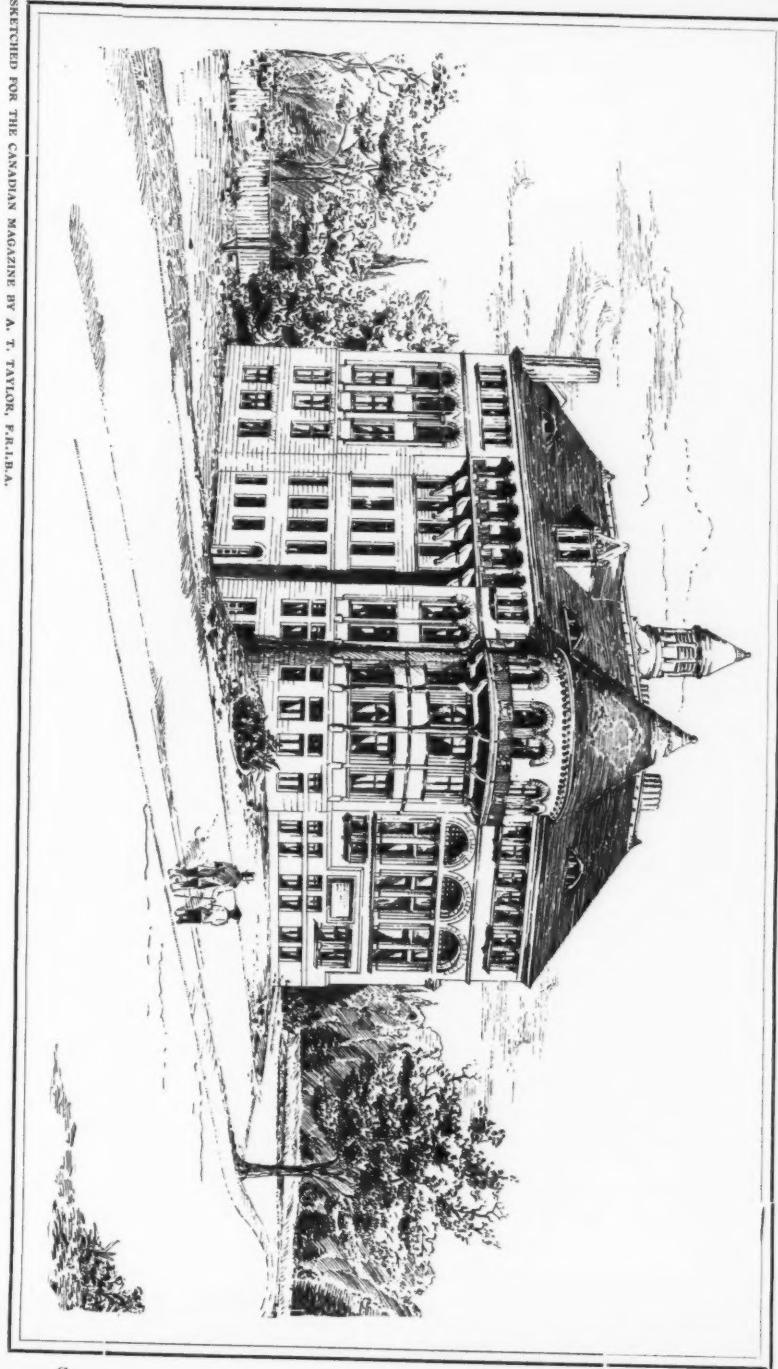
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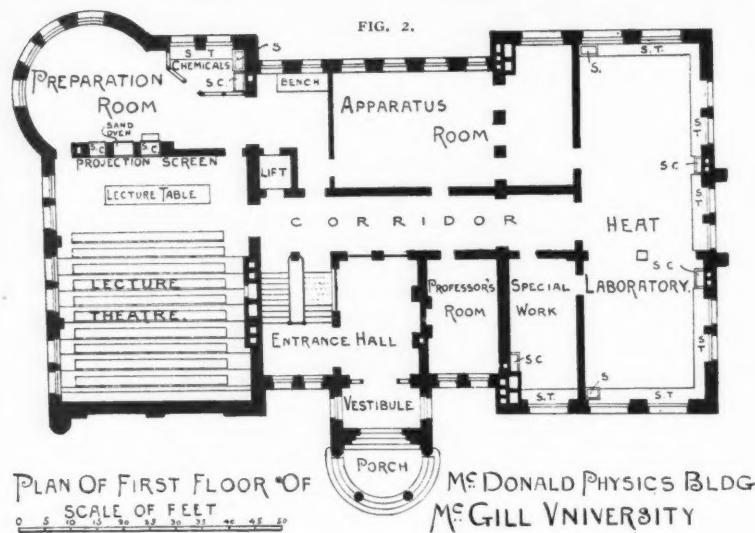
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SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. T. TAYLOR, F.R.I.B.A.

FIG. I.—THE MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING—NORTH-WEST VIEW.



C



full supply of gas jets, water faucets and sinks: there are connections with fume (stink) closets, with Electric currents which can be drawn at 95 or 195 volts direct from the three wire system, or at any degree of lower voltages from other sources supplied; this table has also fitted to it oxygen and hydrogen arrangements supplying these gases under pressure up to ten atmospheres; and air blast, and exhaust. This Theatre has two helio-stat windows—Helios was the Greek Sun-God; the back wall has a lofty gallery for suspension; (in the well-hole of the staircase a suspension of 80 feet is obtained accessible at all levels), the blackboard of ground-glass 14 feet by 5 feet can be backed with white or black cloth at will, raised or lowered as convenient, or can be used transparently for magic-lantern projections. This unique lecture table is seen in the picture of the group of "The Professors of The Macdonald Physics Building discussing the properties of the X rays," forming the frontispiece to this article, and it is also shewn in FIG. 5. This Lecture Theatre is 30 feet high, with a floor

area of 46 feet by 36 feet, accommodating 200 students comfortably.

On the plan, FIG. 2, are shown the independent piers supporting slate tables for delicate work requiring absolute freedom from vibration—these piers go right down to their own foundations and are not in any way connected with the floors or walls—they are absolutely independent.

### 3.—SOME SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS.

As has been said before, carte-blanche was the order of the day; Mr. Macdonald's own words were, "Let us have everything of the best, with a definite aim for everything, but always of the best;" and Professor Cox in his speech on the opening day happily alluded to the difficulties this instruction imposed upon him. "Sometimes," he said, "I found it a difficulty to choose between first-class instruments and first-class makers, which almost made me feel it a grievance that Mr. Macdonald had not put upon me a price limit, so that I should be compelled to say, 'I may not have this'."

## THE PHYSICS BUILDING IN MCGILL UNIVERSITY. 429

The instruments have been chosen with three objects in view :—

(1) For the illustration of Lectures.

(2) For elementary and practical work.

(3) For advanced work and private research, (such as the X rays experiments, etc., etc.)

(1) For the Illustration of Lectures there is a host of splendid apparatus. Briefly one may mention the Great Projection Lantern which is a costly replica of the one used by the Royal Society of England, as well as a Brockie-Pell inclined carbon arc lamp, which is steady, noiseless and focus keeping and of 3,070 candle power. The electrical instruments include a beautiful twelve-plate Wimshurst machine made under Mr. Wimshurst's own superintendence and originally intended for the Chilian Government.

(2) For elementary practical work there is every possible instrument

in triplicate and even quadruplicate, triplicate, no matter how costly, that can be required by second and third year men. They include, amongst hundreds, micrometer guages, callipers, spherometers, cathetometers, microscopes, etc., etc., all for measurements of length. For time, there are pendulums and chronographs. For mass, there are nearly two dozen delicate balances. For specific gravity there are more balances. For moments of inertia and coefficients of elasticity, for photometry and properties of lenses, there are numberless delicate instruments. While for elementary electricity there are accurate resistance boxes by Nalder Bros., several metre-bridges, potentiometers and sine galvanometers, voltameters, quadrant electrometers and seven d'Arsonval galvanometers.

(3) But, of course, the gems of this almost priceless collection are devoted to furthering the deeper work of the



PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

FIG. 3.—MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING—SOUTH-WEST VIEW.



PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

FIG. 4.—THE ELECTRICAL LABORATORY.

fourth year men and the private researchers of the Professors and Honours men. The list of even the finest of them is far too numerous to give here, and one dares hardly select two or three for fear of making an unhappy choice. One must mention, however, the time circuit from the observatory for regulating the clocks and pendulums, and the Regnault tuning-fork chronograph by Koenig employed in the direct determination of longitude between Montreal and Greenwich in 1893. The electrical fittings are specially superb and include faithful duplicates of all the most famous instruments in England and Germany, as, for instance, a duplicate of the famous Fleming-bridge in use at Cambridge, Eng., and presented to McGill by the late Duke of Devonshire. In optics, all of the very finest of the Geneva Society's apparatus, and those of El-

liot, London, are included. They certainly form the most perfect series of instruments on this continent, perhaps anywhere in this world.

It is entirely from the purpose of this article to give a detailed account of the hundreds of beautiful and costly instruments chosen with such admirable foresight and comprehensive knowledge of the requirements by Professor Cox—they need to be seen to be admired, and used to be appreciated.

#### 4.—THE WORK OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT.

The Physics Building at McGill has for its object the providing of a training in the principles of Science which is essential not only as part of the liberal education designed by the "Faculty of Arts," but is a necessary

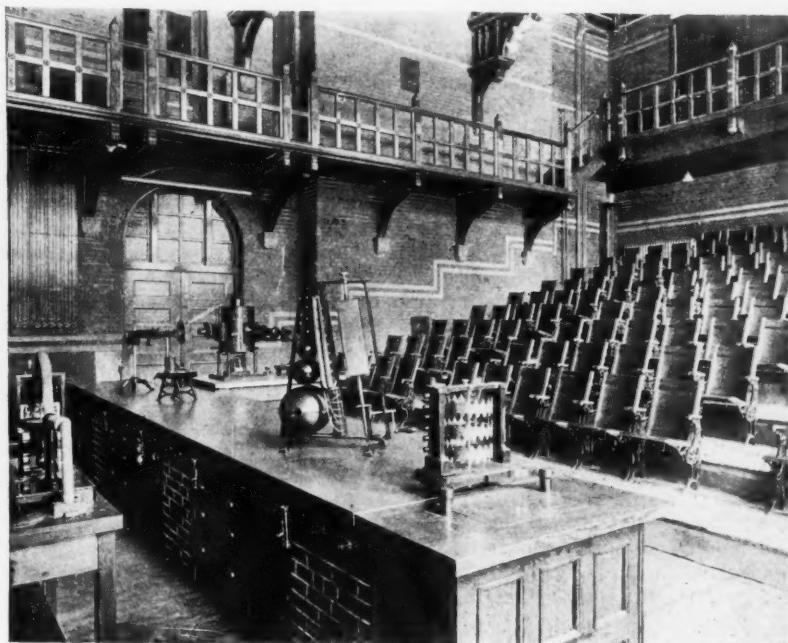


PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

FIG. 5.—THE LECTURE HALL.

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preliminary to an intelligent study of Engineering, Medicine and Chemistry; and includes instruction in the principles of Electricity, magnetism, sound, heat and light, as well as the prosecution of original research.

Now-a-days no educated man or woman can afford to ignore the study of the laws of nature, and the methods of the sciences which investigate them; every man and every woman would be the better for a knowledge of Physics, of the laws that regulate this wonderful world, this wonderful life of ours; and no one can be a good doctor, a proper architect, a chemist, a mechanical, mining or civil engineer, builder, plumber, mechanic, ironworker or manufacturer of metals, glass, or any other compounded goods, without a more or less thorough grounding in Natural Science.

Men seeking their degree in "Arts" at McGill, are required during their

first year's course to take up, amongst a due multitude of other subjects, Elementary and Inorganic Chemistry as preparatory to future work in Natural Science—not Natural Philosophy as according to Touchstone, which he described in the bald assertions that "the property of water is to wet and of fire to burn," but a Natural Science and a Natural Philosophy that weighs, calculates, judges and circumscribes the invisible and the atomic—a Natural Science that is almost an alchemy of the gods.

In his second year the "Arts" man repairs to the Physics Building to study Elementary Mechanics; and in the third year he is initiated into all the intricacies of Mathematical Physics; including Statics, Dynamics, Clerk-Maxwell's theories of matter and motion and Hydrostatics; and he may take up as special subjects, Optics and Astronomy, Heat, Light, and Sound

and the laws of Energy, as well as a thorough laboratory course.

During his fourth and last year he will pursue his third year's subjects more deeply and will complete his studies in the advanced laboratories; he will also have the option of grappling more determinedly with Electricity and Magnetism.

Although the Physics course is used in connection solely with the faculties of "Arts" and of "Applied Science," yet its classes may be attended by any persons under certain conditions who thereby become partial students of the university, at greatly reduced fees.

For men in "Applied Science," the Physics lectures are much the same as for "Arts" men, but in all cases the former are given special facilities for acquiring a practical experience in the handling of the instruments and other practical work. Electrical students in the fourth year are taught specially the use of variometers, magnetic and Electrical measurements, comparison of standards and testings, and Electric light photometry. An additional course on telephone and telegraph construction will shortly be added.

#### 5—THE BUILDERS AND WORKERS OF THE PHYSICS BUILDING.

Much as Mr. Macdonald, the donor, deprecates even the least obtrusive attempt to bring his name before the public, yet his munificence deserves, one might well say demands, a most prominent popularity; and a natural and irresistible impulse compels one to say a few words about this remarkable man; more than a few, a very few words cannot be said because Mr. Macdonald seems to instinctively shrink from all publicity, from all praise and from all expressions of thanks.

Nothing can more fitly illustrate this amiable feature in a man deserving of so much public appreciation than his short, simple unaffected speech addressed to the Governor-

General on the opening day—an occasion on which Sir Donald A. Smith, the Governor-General and other distinguished visitors vied with one another in the delivery of speeches notable for their appropriate eloquence and the learning they displayed, Mr. Macdonald contented himself with these few words, so modest and so entirely to the point; "May it please your Excellency, my duty on this occasion is a very simple one. It is merely to present to your Excellency the keys of the Engineering and experimental Physics Building in order that your Excellency may declare both buildings formally opened for the educational purposes for which they have been erected. I hope your Excellency will be so good as to retain the keys in remembrance of the event"—the keys were in a box made of teak taken from the S. S. Beaver, the first steamship to round Cape Horn.

Mr. William C. Macdonald is one of the twelve Governors of the University of McGill, and is a member of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning; he is a native of the Lower Provinces but has resided for over forty years in the City of Montreal, where he is regarded by all as one of the few leading men in business and educational circles—he is a man possessed of large views of life and a thorough student of human nature.

His descent is mainly Scottish, as the fine old name he wears plainly indicates; on his Mother's side the English part of the family were prominent U. E. Loyalists in the troublous times of 1775.

Although Mr. Macdonald has, perhaps, passed the most active years of his physical existence, yet the present writer, joins his heartiest wishes to those of thousands of earnest men and women who have popular education in Canada close at heart in hoping that Mr. Macdonald may be spared for very many years to continue his ceaseless labors for the welfare of "Good Old McGill;" and one has confidence in ex-

## THE PHYSICS BUILDING IN MCGILL UNIVERSITY. 433

pressing this wish when one notes the mental and physical vigor he displays on every occasion, and the youthful enthusiasm he is still capable of when once interested in a subject.

Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, the Architect of the University of McGill, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, is a typical Scotchman, with all the Scottish enthusiasm for art and love of the beautiful.

An artist to his finger tips, Mr.

he eventually became a Fellow of that august body, "The Royal Institute of British Architects." Soon after he had settled in Montreal, now some ten years ago, he was elected a member of the "Royal Canadian Academy of Arts," an institution towards the success of which Mr. Taylor devotes much of his time. Mr. Taylor is still a member of the firm of "Taylor and Gordon," the well-known London architects, and he is



FIG. 6.—THE PHYSICAL LIBRARY.

Taylor has erected in the spacious grounds of McGill University a series of monuments that will bear eloquent testimony of his artistic and constructive genius long after he himself shall have been gathered unto his fathers. Mr. Taylor received his education and early professional training in Edinburgh, but completed his studies in London, Eng., where his peculiar merits quickly earned him distinction, and

the author of a valuable text-book on Architecture, entitled "The Churches and Steeples of Sir Christopher Wren."

Professor John Cox is one of the few genuine "Cockneys" to be found in Canada—a native of "good olde London towne," born in the year 1851; Professor Cox is a tall, handsome man, with the kindest possible eyes, and possessed of a highly intellectual appearance added to a most

engaging personality, a somewhat military bearing and the manners of a polished gentleman—the latter a rare quality in these degenerate days, despite the advances of education, obliging to a fault, wrapped up in his work almost to the exclusion of everything else, a born student and a born teacher of students; McGill is indeed to be congratulated upon having such a man at the head of its Physics Department.

In Professor Cox we have a man who knows all that is being done in American Physics, who is as much at

men can be said to possess the natural qualities and special training required in a Professor of Physics to the same degree as Professor Cox.

Professor Hugh L Callendar has, for the last two years, shared much of the labors of Professor Cox, taking as his special department the purely experimental work. Professor Cox says Professor Callendar is one of the finest experimental physicists in the world, and we may well believe this when we bear in mind that Professor Callendar was recently elected a "Fellow of the Royal Society" in England, the most exclusive of all learned bodies. On the other hand, Professor Callendar holds Professor Cox in even higher esteem, so thoroughly do the two men harmonize with each other in their work.

Professor Callendar was born in 1863 at Hatherop in Gloucestershire, England. He is, like Professor Cox, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a M.A. of that University, besides having been for some years a University Extension Lecturer.

Mr. H. M. Tory is a native of Nova Scotia, but graduated at McGill in 1890, taking his degree of B.A. He was then drafted on to the teaching staff, and has proved himself a most able, even indispensable assistant to Professor Cox and to Professor Bovey in the Engineering Building, for Mr. Tory's duties are dual—he is the Sessional Lecturer in Mathematics in the "Faculty of Applied Science," as well as Demonstrator in Physics.

Mr. Frank H. Pitcher is also a graduate of McGill, and took his degree of B.A.Sc. in 1894; he is happily a native of Montreal. Mr. Pitcher is a young man, but has already shown singular aptitude as a Demonstrator in Physics; and his career, with that of Mr. Tory, will be watched with special interest as representing the class of men Canada must look to in the future to fill the professorial chairs in her Universities with born and bred Canadians.



PHOTO. BY WALFORD.  
ANDREW T. TAYLOR, F.R.I.B.A.

home in the leading German laboratories as Dr. Röntgen himself, and who has even juggled away a summer holiday experimenting in Physics at Simla.

Professor Cox is a Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; also a Fellow of McGill. For ten years he was the head warden of Cavendish College, Cambridge, as well as a Senior Moderator of the University, while for two years he acted as a lecturer on the Staff of the University Extension Scheme in England—a scheme, by the way, one would wish to see inaugurated in Canada. Few

## KATE GARNEGIE.\*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

### CHAPTER XV.

#### JOINT POTENTATES.

A MONG all the houses in a Scotch parish, the homeliest and kindliest is the manse, for to its door some time in the year comes every inhabitant, from the laird to the cottar woman. Within the familiar and old-fashioned study, where the minister's chair and writing-table could not be changed without discomposing the parish, and where there are fixed degrees of station, so that the laird has his chair and the servant lass hers, the minister receives and does his best for all the folk committed to his charge. Here he consults with the factor about some improvement in the arrangements of the little commonwealth, he takes counsel with a farmer about his new lease and promises to say a good word to his lordship, he confirms the secret resolution of some modest gifted lad to study for the holy ministry, he hears the shame-faced confession of some lassie whom love has led astray, he gives good advice to a son leaving the Glen for the distant dangerous world, he comforts the mother who has received bad news from abroad. Generations have come in their day to this room, and generations still unborn will come in their joys and sorrows, with their trials and their affairs, while the manse stands and human life runs its old course. And when, as was the case with Dr. Davidson in Drumtochty, the minister is ordained to the parish in his youth, and, instead of hurrying hither and thither, preaching in vacancies, scheming and intriguing, he dwells all

his days among his own people, he himself knows three generations, and accumulates a store of practical wisdom for the help of his people. What may be the place of the clergyman in an English parish, and what associations of sympathy and counsel the rectory may have for the English farm-laborer, it is not given to a northern man to know; but it is one good thing at least in our poor land that the manse is another word for guidance and good cheer, so that Jean advises Jock in their poor little perplexity about a new place to "slip doon an' see the Doctor," and Jock, although appearing to refuse, does "gie a cry at the manse," and comes home to the gude wife mightily comforted.

The manse builders of the ancient days were men of a shrewd eye and much wisdom. If anywhere the traveller in the north country sees a house peeping from among a clump of trees in the lap of a hill where the northeaster cannot come and the sun shines full and warm, then let him be sure that is the manse, with the kirk and God's acre close beside, and that the fertile little fields around are the glebe, which the farmers see are plowed and sown and reaped first in the parish. Drumtochty Manse lay beneath the main road, so that the cold wind blowing from the north went over its chimneys, and on the east it was sheltered by the Tochty woods. Southward it overlooked the fields that sloped toward the river, and westward, through some ancient trees, one study window had a peep of the west, although it was not given to the parish manse to lie of an evening in the glory of the setting sun, as did the

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"Private capaunity."

Free Kirk. Standing at the gate and looking down beneath the beeches that stood as sentinels on either side of the little drive, one caught a pleasant glimpse of the manse garden, with its close-cut lawn and flower beds and old summer-house and air of peace. No one troubled the birds in that place, and they had grown shameless in their familiarity with dignities—a jackdaw having once done his best to steal the Doctor's bandana handkerchief and the robins settled on his hat. Irreverence has limits, and in justice to a privileged friend it ought to be explained that the Doctor wore, on these occasions, an aged wide-awake and carried no gold-headed stick. His dog used to follow him step by step as he fed the birds and pottered among the flowers, and then it always ended in the old man sitting

down on a seat at the foot of the lawn, with Skye at his feet, and looking across the Glen where he had been born and where for nearly half a century he had ministered. Kate caught him once in this attitude, and was so successful in her sketch that some have preferred it to the picture in oils that was presented to the Doctor by the Presbytery of Muirtown, and was painted by an R.A. who spent a fortnight at the manse and departed with some marvellous heads, still to be identified in certain councillors and nobles of the past. Both are hanging in the same house now, far from Drumtochty, and there they call one "Public Capaunity" and the other "Private Capaunity," and you require to have seen both to know our kindly, much-loved Moderate.

As John grew old with his master and mellowed, he would make believe to work close by, so that at times they might drop into talk, recalling names that had died out of the Glen, shrewd sayings that fell from lips now turned to dust, curious customs that had ceased forever, all in great charity. Then there would come a pause, and John would say, "Aye, aye," and go away to the bees. Under the influence of such reminiscences, John used to become depressed, and gently prepare Rebecca for the changes that were not far off, when Drumtochty would have a new minister and a new beadle.

"The Doctor's failin', Becca, an' it's no tae be expeikit that a'll be lang aifter him; it wudna be fittin', an' a'm no wantin'. Aifter ye've carried the bukes afore ae minister for five and thirty year, ye're no anxious for a

change; naebody 'ill ever come doon the kirkyaird like the Doctor, an' a' cudna brak ma step; na, na, there's no mony things a' michtna learn, but a' cudna brak ma step."

Rebecca went on with her dinner in silence; even capable men had weaknesses somewhere, and she was accustomed to those moralizings.

"A'm the auldest beadle in the Presbytery o' Muirtown—though a' say it as sudna—an' the higher the place the mair we 'ill has tae answer for, Becca. Nae man can hold the poseetion a'm in withoutt anxieties. Noo there wes the 'Eruption' in '43"—it could not be ignorance which made John cling to this word, and so we supposed that the word was adopted in the spirit of historical irony—"that wes a crisis. Did a' ever tell ye, Rebecca, that there wes juist ae beadle left the next morning tae cairry on the Presbytery of Muirtown?"

"Aye, forty times an' mair," replied that uncompromising woman, "an' it wud set ye better tae be servin' the Doctor's lunch than sit haverin' an' blawin' there."

No sane person in Drumtochty would have believed that any human being could dare to address John after this fashion, and it is still more incredible that the great man should have risen without a word and gone about his duty. Such a surprising and painful incident suggests the question whether a beadle or any other person in high position ought to be married, and so be exposed to inevitable familiarities. Hillocks took this view strongly in the kirkyard at the time of John's marriage—although neither he nor anyone knew with how much reason—and he impressed the fathers powerfully.

"Becca cam frae Kilspindie Castle close on thirty years syne, and John's took the bukes aboot the same time; they've agreed no that ill for sic a creetical poseetion a' that time, him oot an' her in, an' atween them the

Doctor's no been that ill-servit; they micht hae lat weel alane.

"She's no needin' a man tae keep her," and Hillocks proceeded to review the situation, "for Becca's hed a gude place, an' she disna fling awa' her siller on dress. As for John, a' canna mak him oot, for he gets his stockin's darned, an' his white stock dune as weel an' maybe better than if he wes mairried."

The kirkyard could see no solution of the problem, and Hillocks grew pessimistic.

"It 'ill be a doon-come tae him, a'm judgin', an' 'ill no be for the gude o' the pairish. He's never been crossed yet, an' he 'ill no tak weel wi' contradickin' . . . ."

"She wudna, daur," broke in Whinny, "an' him the beadle."

"Ye ken little aboot weemen," retorted Hillocks, "for yir gude wife is by hersel' in the pairish, an' micht be a sanct; the maist o' them are a cam-steary lot. A'm no sayin'," he summed up, "that Becca 'ill gie the beadle the word back or refuse to dae his biddin', but she 'ill be pittin' forrit her ain oopenions, an' that's no what he's been accustomed tae in Drumtochty."

They were married one forenoon in the study, with Drumsheugh and Domsie for witnesses—the address given by the Doctor could hardly be distinguished from an ordination charge—and John announced his intention of accompanying his master that afternoon to the General Assembly, while Rebecca remained in charge of the manse.

"It wudna be wise-like for us twa," explained the beadle, "tae be stravagin' ower the country for three or fower days, like wild geese, but the pairish micht expect something. Noo, a've hed ma share o' a Presbytery an' a Synod, tae say naethin' o' Kirk Sessions, but a've never seen an Assembly.

"Gin ye cud get a place, a' wud spend ma time considering hoo the officer comes in, an' hoo he lays doon



"Standing with a half-dried dish in her hand."

the buke an' sic-like; a' might get a hint," said John, with much modesty.

So John went alone for his wedding tour, and being solemnly introduced to Thomas, the chief of all beadles, discussed mysteries with him unto great edification; but he was chiefly impressed by the Clerk of the Free Kirk Assembly—into which he had wandered on an errand of exploration—who was a fiery-faced old gentleman with a stentorian voice and the heart of a little child.

"Ye never heard him cry, 'Officer, shut the door,' afore a vote?" he inquired of the Doctor. "Weel, ye've missed a real pleasure, sir; gin ye stude on Princes Street, wi' the wind

frae the richt pairt, ye might hear him. A' never heard onything better dune: hoo ony man wi' sic a face and voice cud be content outside the Auld Kirk passes me."

John was so enamored of this performance that after much cogitation he unburdened his mind to the Doctor, and showed how such a means of grace might be extended to Drumtochty.

"Noo, if there wes nae objection in order, aifter ye hed settled in the pulpit an' hed yir first snuff, ye might say, 'Officer, shut the door.' Then a' wud close the kirk door deeleberately in sicht o' the hale congregation an' come back tae ma place, an' Peter Ratstray himsel' wudna daur tae show his face aifter that. Ye hae the voice an' the manner, Doctor, an' it's no richt tae wyste them."

In public John defended the Doctor's refusal as a proof of his indulgence to the prodigals of the parish, but with his intimates he did not conceal his belief that the opportunity had been lost of bringing the service in Drumtochty Kirk to absolute perfection. John's own mind still ran on the mighty utterance, and so it came to pass that the question of mastery in the kitchen of the manse under the new régime was settled within a week after his ecclesiastical honeymoon.

"Rebecca"—this with a voice of thunder from the fireplace, where the beadle was reading the *Muirtown Advertiser*—"close the door."

The silence was so imperative that John turned round, and saw his spouse standing with a half-dried dish in her hand.

"Ma name is Rebecca," as she recovered her speech, "an' there's nae ither wumman in the hoose, but a'm judgin' ye werena speakin' tae me or"—with awful severity—"ye've made a mistak, an' the suner it's pit richt the better for baith you an' me an' the manse o' Drumtochty."

"For near thirty year ye've gane traivellin' in an' oot o' this kitchen

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without cleanin' yir feet, and ye've pit yir shoon on the fender, an' hung up yir weet coat on the back o' the door, an' commandit this an' that as if ye were the doctor himsel', an' a' cud' dae naethin', for ye were beadle o' Drumtochty.

"So a' saw there wes nae ither wy o't but tae mairry ye an' get some kind of order in the hoose; noo ye 'ill understand the poseetion an' no need anither tellin'; outside in the kirk an' parish ye're maister, an' a'll never conter ye, for a' ken ma place as a kirk member an' yir place as beadle; inside in this hoose a'm maister, an' ye 'ill dae what ye're bid, always in due submission tae the Doctor, wha's maister baith in an' oot. Tak yir feet aff that steel bar this meenut"—this by way of practical application; and when after a brief pause, in which the fate of an empire hung in the balance, John obeyed, the two chief officials in the parish had made their covenant.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that they carefully kept their bounds, so that Becca would no more have thought of suggesting a new attitude to John as he stood at the foot of the pulpit stair waiting for the Doctor's descent than John would have interfered with the cooking of the Doctor's dinner. When the glass was at set fair, they even exchanged compliments, the housekeeper expressing her sense of unworthiness as she saw John in his high estate, while he would indicate that the Doctor's stock on Sacrament Sabbath reached the highest limits of human attainment. The Doctor being left to the freedom of his own will, laboured at a time to embroil the powers by tempting them to cross one another's frontiers, but always failed, because they foresaw the consequences with a very distinct imagination. If he asked Rebecca to convey a message to Drumsheugh, that cautious woman would send in John to receive it from the Doctor's own lips, and if the Doctor gave some directions regarding

dinner to John, Rebecca would appear in a few minutes to learn what the Doctor wanted. It was an almost complete delimitation of frontiers, and the Doctor used to say that he never quite understood the Free Kirk theory of the relation between Church and State till he considered the working agreement of his two retainers. It was, he once pleasantly said to the minister of Kildrummie, a perfect illustration of "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination." It is just possible that some one may not fully grasp those impressive words, in which case let him appreciate other people's accomplishments and mourn his ignorance, for they were common speech in Drumtochty, and were taught at their porridge to the Free Kirk children.

It is an unfortunate circumstance, however, that even a scientific frontier wavers at places, and leaves a piece of doubtful territory that may at any moment become a cause of war. Surely there is not on the face of the Scottish earth a more unoffending, deferential, conciliatory person than a "probationer," who on Saturdays can be seen at every country junction, bag in hand, on his patient errand of "supply," and yet it was over his timid body the great powers of the manse twice quarrelled disastrously. As a guest in the manse, to be received on Saturday evening, to be conducted to his room, to be fed and warmed, to go to his bed at a proper hour—ten on Saturday and ten-thirty on Sabbath—to be sent away on Monday morning in good time for the train, he was within the province of Rebecca. As a minister to be examined, advised, solemnised, encouraged, to be got ready on Sabbath morning and again disrobed, to be edified with suitable conversation and generally made as fit as possible for his work, he was evidently within John's sphere of influence. It was certainly the beadle's business to visit the dining-room on Saturday evening, where the young man was supposed to be meditating against the

ordeal of the morrow, to get the Psalms for the precentor, to answer strictly professional questions, and generally to advise the neophyte about the sermon that would suit Drumtochty, and the kind of voice to be used. One thing John knew perfectly well he ought not to do, and that was to invite a probationer to spend the evening in the Doctor's study, for on this point Rebecca was inexorable.

"A' dinna say that they wud read the Doctor's letters, an' a' dinna say they wud tak a buke as a keepsake, but a' can never forget ane o' them—he hed a squint and red hair—comin' oot frae the cupboard as a' opened the door.

"There's juist ae wy oot o' the room, an' it's by the door ye cam in at," a' said; maybe ye wud like tae come an' sit in the dinin'-room; ye 'ill be less distractit." And Rebecca charged John that no probationer should in future be allowed to enter the Doctor's sanctum on any consideration.

John's excuse for his solitary fault was that the lad thought that he could study his sermon better with books round him, and so Rebecca found the young gentleman seated in the Doctor's own chair and working with the Doctor's own pen, unblushing and shameless.

"Gin ye want *Cruden's Concordance*"—this was when Rebecca had led him out a chastened man—"or *Matthew Henry* tae fill up yir sermon, the books 'ill be brocht by the church officer."

Rebecca's intrusion, in turn, into John's sphere was quite without excuse, and she could only explain her conduct by a general reference to the foolishness of the human heart. It came out through the ingenuousness of the probationer, who mentioned causally that he was told Drumtochty liked four heads in the sermon.

"May I ask the name of yir adviser?" said the beadle, with awful

severity. "The hoosekeeper? A' thocht so, an' a wud juist gie ye due intimation that the only person qualified an' entitled tae gie ye information on sic subjects, is masel', an' ony ither is unjustified an' unwarranted.

"Fower heads? Three an' an application is the Doctor's invariable rule, an' gin a probationer gied oot a fourth, a' winna undertake tae say what michtna happen. Drumtochty is no a parish tae trifle wi', an' it disna like new fangled wys. Fower!" and the scorn for this unorthodox division was withering.

Rebecca realised the gravity of the situation in the kitchen, and humbled herself greatly.

"It wes as a hearer that he askit ma opinion, an' no as an authority. He said that the new wy wes tae leave oot heads, an' a' saw a' the hay spread oot across the field, so a' told him tae gither it up intae 'coles' (haycocks), an' it wud be easier lifted. Maybe a' mentioned fower—all no deny it; but it's the first time a' ever touched on heads, an' it 'ill be the laist."

Upon those terms of penitence John granted pardon, but it was noticed on Sabbath that when Becca got in the way of the retiring procession to the manse, the beadle was heard in the kirkyard, "Oot of ma rood, wumman," in a tone that was full of judgment, and that Rebecca withdrew to the grass as one justly punished.

This excellent woman once accomplished her will, however, in spite of John, and had all her days the pleasant relish of a secret triumph. Her one unfulfilled desire was to see the Doctor in his court dress which he wore as Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland during the Assembly time, and which had lain ever since in a box with camphor and such preservatives amid the folds. It was aggravating to hear Drumsheugh and Hilloocks—who had both gone to the Assembly that year for the sole purpose of watching the Doctor enter and bow to the standing house—enlarging on his

glory in velvet and lace and silver buckles, and growing in enthusiasm with the years.

"It's little better than a sin," she used to insist, "tae see the bonnie suit gien the Doctor by the Countess o' Kilspindie, wi' dear's knows hoo much o' her ain auld lace on't, lyin' useless, wi' naebody tae get a sicht o't on his back. Dinna ye think, man"—this with much persuasiveness—"that ye cud get the Doctor tae pit on his velvets on an occasion, maybe a Saicrament? The parish wud be lifted; an' ye wud look weel walkin' afore him in his lace."

"Dinna plead wi' me, wumman; a' wud gie a half-year's wages tae see him in his grandeur; but it's offeecial, div ye no see, an' canna be used except by a Moderator? Na, na, ye can dust and stroke it, but ye'll never see yon coat on the Doctor.

This was little less than a challenge to a woman of spirit, and Rebecca simply lived from that day to clothe the Doctor in embroidered garments. Her opportunity arrived when Kate's birthday came round, and the Doctor insisted on celebrating it by a party of four. By the merest accident his housekeeper met Miss Carnegie on the road, and somehow happened to describe the excellent glory of the Doctor's full dress, whereupon that wilful young woman went straight to the manse, nor left till the Doctor had promised to dine in ruffles, in which case she pledged herself that the General would come in uniform, and she would wear the family jewels, so that everything would be worthy of the Doctor's dinner.

"Hoo daur ye," began John, coming down from the Doctor's room, where the suit was spread upon the bed; but his wife did not allow him to continue, explaining that the thing was none of her doing, and that it was only becoming that honor should be shown to Miss Carnegie when she dined for the first time at the manse of Drumtochty.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## DRIED ROSE LEAVES.

Townspeople are so clever and know so much that it is only just something should be hidden from their sight, and it is quite certain that they do not understand the irresistible and endless fascination of the country. They love to visit us in early autumn, and are vastly charmed with the honeysuckle in the hedges, and the corn turning yellow, and the rivers singing in the sunlight, and the purple on the hill-side. It is then that the dweller in cities resolves to retire, as soon as may be, from dust and crowds and turmoil and hurry, to some cottage where the scent of roses comes in at the open window, and one is wakened of a morning by the birds singing in the ivy. When the corn is gathered into the stack-yard, and the leaves fall on the road, and the air has a touch of frost, and the evenings draw in, then the townsman begins to shiver and bethink him of his home. He leaves the fading glory with a sense of relief, like one escaping from approaching calamity, and as often as his thoughts turn thither, he pities us in our winter solitude. "What a day this would be in Drumtochty," he says, coming in from the slushy streets and rubbing his hands before the fire.

This good man is thankful to Providence for very slight mercies, since he knows only one out of the four seasons that make our glorious year. He had been wise to visit us in the summer-time, when the light hardly dies out of the Glen, and the grass and young corn present six shades of green, and the scent of the hay is everywhere, and all young creatures are finding themselves with joy. Perhaps he had done better to have come north in our spring-time, when nature, throwing off the yoke of winter, burst suddenly into an altogether indescribable greenery, and the primroses were blooming in Tochty woods, and every

cottage garden was sweet with wall-flowers, and the birds sang of love in every wood, and the sower went forth to sow. And though this will appear quite incredible, it had done this comfortable citizen much good to have made his will and risked his life with us in the big snowstorm that used to shut us up for fourteen days every February. One might well endure many hardships to stand on the side of Ben Urtach and see the land one glittering expanse of white on to the great strath on the left and the hills above Dunleith on the right, to tramp all day through the dry, crisp snow, and gathering round the wood fire of an evening, tell pleasant tales of ancient days, while the wind powdered the glass with drift and roared in the chimney. Then a man thanked God that he was not confined to a place where the pure snow was trodden into mire, and the thick fog made it dark at mid-day.

This very season of autumn, which frightened the townsfolk and sent them home in silence, used to fill our hearts with peace, for it was to us the crown and triumph of the year. We were not dismayed by the leaves that fell with rustling sound in Tochty woods, nor by the bare stubble fields from which the last straw had been raked by thrifty hands, nor by the touch of cold in the north-west wind blowing over Ben Urtach, nor by the grayness of the running water. The long toil of the year had not been in vain, and the harvest had been safely gathered. The clump of sturdy little stacks, carefully thatched and roped, that stood beside each homestead were the visible fruit of the long year's labour and the assurance of plenty against winter. Let it snow for a week on end, and let the blast from the mouth of Glen Urtach pile up the white drift high against the outer row of stacks, the horses will be put in the mill shed, and an inner stack will be forked into the threshing loft, and all day long the mill will go with

dull, rumbling sound that can be heard from the road, while within the grain pours into the corn room and the clean yellow straw is piled in the barn. Hillocks was not a man given to sentiment, yet even he would wander among the stacks on an October evening and come in to the firelight full of moral reflections. A vague sense of rest and thankfulness pervaded the Glen, as if one had come home from a long journey in safety, bringing his possessions with him.

The spirit of October was on the Doctor as he waited for his guests in the drawing-room of the manse. The Doctor had a special affection for the room, and would often sit alone in it for hours in the gloaming. Once Rebecca came in suddenly, and though the light was dim and the Doctor was seated in the shadow by the piano, she was certain that he had been weeping. He would not allow any change to be made in the room, even the shifting of a table, and he was very particular about its good keeping. Twice a year Rebecca polished the old-fashioned rosewood furniture, and so often a man came from Muirtown to tune the piano, which none in the district could play, and which the Doctor kept locked. Two little pencil sketches, signed with a childish hand, Daisy Davidson, the minister always dusted himself, as also a covered picture on the wall, and the half-yearly cleaning of the drawing-room was concluded when he arranged on the backs of two chairs one piece of needlework showing red and white roses, and another, whereon was wrought a posy of primroses. The room had a large bay window opening on the lawn, and the Doctor had a trick of going out and in that way, so that he often had ten minutes in its quietness; but no visitor was taken there, except once a year, when the wife of the Doctor's old friend, Lord Kilspindle, drove up to lunch, and the old man escorted her ladyship round the garden and brought her in by the

window. On that occasion, but only then, the curtain was lifted from the picture, and for a brief space they stood in silence. Then he let the silken veil fall and gently arranged its folds, and offering his arm with a very courtly bow, led the Countess into the dining-room, where Rebecca had done her best and John waited in fullest Sabbath array.

The Doctor wandered about the room—looking out on the garden, mysterious in the fading light, changing the position of a chair, smoothing the old-fashioned needlework with caressing touch, breaking up a log in the grate. He fell at last into a reverie before the fire—which picked out each bit of silver on his dress and shone back from the black velvet—and heard nothing till John flung open the door and announced with immense majesty, “General Carnegie and Miss Carnegie.”

“Welcome, Kate, to the house of your father’s friend, and welcome for your own sake, and many returns of this day. May I say how that white silk and those rubies become you? It is very kind to put on such beautiful things for my poor little dinner. As for you, Jack, you are glorious,” and the Doctor must go over Carnegie’s medals till that worthy and very modest man lost all patience.

“No more of this nonsense; but, Sandie, that is a desperately becoming get-up of yours; doesn’t he suit it well, Kit? I never saw a better calf on any man.”

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“The old man escorted her ladyship.

“You are both ‘rael bonnie,’ and ought to be very grateful to me for insisting on full dress. I’m sorry that there is only one girl to admire two such handsome men; it’s a poor audience, but at any rate it is very appreciative and grateful,” and Kate curtseyed to each in turn, for all that evening she was in great good humor.

“By the way, there will be one more to laugh at us, for I’ve asked the Free Kirk minister to make a fourth for our table. He is a nice young fellow, with more humanity than most of his kind; but did not I hear that he called at the Lodge to pay his respects?”

“Certainly he did,” said the Gen-

eral, "and I rather took a fancy to him. He has an honest eye and is not at all bad looking, and tells a capital story. But Kit fell upon him about something, and I had to cover him. It's a wonder that he ever came near the place again."

"He has been at the Lodge eight times since then," explained Kate, with much composure; "but he will on no account be left alone with the head of the household. The General insulted him on politics, and I had to interfere; so he looks on me as a kind of protector, and I walk him out to the Beeches lest he be massacred."

"Take care, my dear Catherine," for the Doctor was a shrewd old gentleman; "protecting comes perilously near loving, and Carmichael's brown eyes are dangerous."

"They are dark blue." Kate was off her guard, and had no sooner spoken than she blushed, whereat the Doctor laughed wickedly.

"You need not be afraid for Kate," said the General, cheerfully; "no man can conquer her; and as for the poor young padres, she made their lives miserable."

"They were so absurd," said Kate, "so innocent, so ignorant, so authoritative, that it was for their good to be reduced to a proper level. But I rather think your guest has forgotten his engagement. He will be so busy with his book that even a manse dinner will have no attraction." The Doctor looked again at Kate, but now she wore an air of great simplicity.

It was surely not Carmichael's blame that he was late for Dr. Davidson's dinner, since he had thought of nothing else since he rose, which was at the unearthly hour of six. He went out for a walk, which consisted of one mile east and another west from the village, and, with pauses, during which he rested on gates and looked from him, lasted two hours. On his return he explained to Sarah that his health had received much benefit, and that she was not to be surprised if he went

out every morning at or before day-break. He also mentioned casually that he was to dine at the manse that day, and Sarah, who had been alarmed lest this unexpected virtue might mean illness, was at rest. His habit was to linger over breakfast, propping a book against the sugar basin, and taking it and his rasher slice about, which was, he insisted, the peculiar joy of a bachelor's breakfast; but this morning Sarah found him at ten o'clock still at table, gazing intently at an untouched cutlet, and without any book. He swallowed two mouthfuls hurriedly and hastened to the study, leaving her to understand that he had been immersed in a theological problem. It seemed only reasonable that a man should have one pipe before settling down to a forenoon of hard study, but there is no doubt that the wreaths of smoke, as they float upward, take fantastic shapes, and lend themselves to visions. Twelve o'clock—it was outrageous—six hours gone without a stroke of work. Sarah is informed that as he has a piece of very stiff work to do, luncheon must be an hour later, and that the terrier had better go out for a walk. Then Carmichael cleared his table and set himself down to a new German critic, who was doing marvellous things with the Prophet Isaiah. In three thick volumes—paper bound and hideous to behold—and in a style of elaborate repulsiveness, Schlochenboschen showed that the book had been written by a syndicate, on the principle that each member contributed one verse in turn without reference to his neighbors. It was, in fact, the simple plan of a children's game, in which you write a noun and I an adjective, and the total result greatly pleases the company; and the theory of the eminent German was understood to throw a flood of light on Scripture. Schlochenboschen had already discovered eleven alternating authors, and as No. 4 would occasionally pool his contribution with No. 6, several other inter-

esting variations were introduced. In such circumstances one must fix the list of authors in his head, and this can be conveniently done by letters of the alphabet. Carmichael made a beginning with four, K A T E, and then he laid down his pen and went out for a turn in the garden. When he came in, with a resolute mind he made a precis of the Professor's introduction, and it began, "dear Miss Carnegie," after which he went to lunch and ate three biscuits. As for some reason, his mind could not face even the most fascinating German, Carmichael fell back on the twelve hundredth book on Mary Queen of Scots, which had just come from the library, and which was to finally vindicate that very beautiful, very clever, and very perplexing young woman. An hour later Carmichael was on the moor, full of an unquenchable pity for Chatelard, who had loved the sun and perished in his rays. The cold wind on the hill braced his soul, and he returned in a heroic mood. He only was the soldier of the Cross who denied himself to earthly love and hid a broken heart. And now he read *A'Kempis* and *The Christian Year*. Several passages in the latter he marked in pencil with a cross, and when his wife asked him the reason only last week, he smiled but would give no answer. Having registered anew his vow of celibacy, he spent an hour in dressing, an operation, he boasted, which could be performed in six minutes, and which, on this occasion, his housekeeper determined to review.

With all the women in the Glen, old and young, she liked the lad, for a way that he had and the kindness of his heart, and was determined that he should be well dressed for once in his life. It was Sarah, indeed, that kept Carmichael late, for she not only laid out his things for him with much care and judgment, but on sight of the wisp of white round his neck she persuaded him to accept her services, and at last she was satisfied.

He also lost a little time as he came near the manse, for he grew concerned lest his tie was not straight, and it takes time to examine yourself in the back of your watch, when the light is dimming and it is necessary to retire behind a hedge lest some keen Drumtochty eye should detect the roadside toilet.

John had brought in the lamp before Carmichael entered, and his confusion was pardonable, for he had come in from the twilight, and none could have expected such a sight.

"Glad to see you, Carmichael"—the Doctor hastened to cover his embarrassment. "It is very good of you to honor my little party by your presence. You know the General, I think, and Miss Carnegie, whose first birthday in Drumtochty we celebrate tonight.

"No wonder you are astonished," for Carmichael was blushing furiously; "and I must make our defence, eh, Carnegie? else it will be understood in Free Kirk circles that the manse is mad. We seem, in fact, a pair of old fools, and you can have your jest at us; but there is an excuse even for our madness.

"It is long since we have had a young lady in our Glen, and now that she has come to live among us—why, sir, we must just do her bidding.

"Our Queen has but a little court, but her courtiers are leal and true; and when she ordered full dress, it was our joy to obey. And if you choose to laugh, young sir—why, you may; we are not ashamed with such a Queen, and I do her homage."

The Doctor stooped and kissed Kate's hand in the grand manner which is now lost, after which he drew out his snuff-box and tapped it pleasantly, as one who had taken part in a state function; but there was the suspicion of a tear in his eye, for these things woke old memories.

"Kate's a wilfu' lassie," said the General, fondly, "and she has long ruled me, so I suppose her father must

do likewise." And the General also kissed Kate's hand.

" You are both perfectly absurd tonight," said Kate, confused and red, " but no Queen ever had truer hearts to love her, and if I cannot make you knights, I must reward you as I can." And Kate, ignoring Carmichael, kissed first her father and then the Doctor. Then she turned on him with a proud air, " What think you of my court, Mr. Carmichael ? "

" It is the best in Christendom, Miss Carnegie"—and his voice trembled with earnestness—" for it has the fairest Queen and two gentlemen of Christ for its servants."

" Very prettily said,"—the Doctor thought the little scene had gone far enough—" and as a reward for that courteous speech you shall take Her Majesty into dinner, and we old battered fellows shall follow in attendance." There was a moment's silence, and then Carmichael spoke.

" If I had only known, Miss Carnegie, that I might have . . . put on something to do you honor too, but I have nothing except a white silk hood. I wish I had been a militiaman or . . . a Freemason.

" This is your second remarkable wish in my hearing," and Kate laughed merrily; " last time you wished you were a dog on Muirtown platform. Your third will be your last, I suppose, and one wonders what it will be."

" It is already in my heart"—Carmichael spoke low—" and some day I will dare to tell it to you."

" Hush," replied Kate quickly, lifting her hand; " the padre is going to say grace." As this was an official function in John's eyes, that worthy man allowed himself to take a general view, and he was pleased to express his high approval of the company, enlarging especially on Carmichael, whom, as a Free Kirkman, he had been accustomed rather to belittle.

" Of course," he explained loyally; " he's no tae be compared wi' the Doctor, for there's nae minister ootside the

Auld Kirk can be hae sic an air, and he's no set up like the General, but he lookit weel and winsome.

" His hair was flung back frae his forehead, his ee'n were fair dancin', and there was a bit o' colour in his cheek. He hes a wy wi' him, a'll no deny, at taks wi' fouk.

" A'm no sure that he's been at mony dinners, though, Becca, for he hardly kent what he was daein'. A' just pit the potatoes on the plate, for he never lat on he saw me; an' as for wine, a' cudna get a word oot o' him."

" Ye're lifted above ordinary concerns, John, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a beadle sud notice the way o' a lad wi' a lass," and Becca nodded her head with much shrewdness.

" Div ye mean that, Rebecca? That cowes a'; but it's no possible. The General's dochter an' a Free Kirk minister, an' her an Esculopian——"

" Love kens naither rank nor creeds; see what ye did yersel', and you beadle o' Drumtochty;" and John—every man has some weak point—swallowed the compliment with evident satisfaction.

Meanwhile they had fallen on this very subject of creeds in the dining-room, and Kate was full of curiosity.

" Will you two padres do me a favour? I knew you would. Well, I want to know for certain what is the difference between the two Kirks in Drumtochty. Now which of you will begin?" and Kate beamed on them both.

" Whatever you wish we will do, Kate," said the Doctor; " but you will have me excused in this matter, if you please, and hear my friend. I am tired of controversy, and he has a fair mind, and, as I know well, a pleasant wit. Tell Miss Carnegie how your people left the Kirk of Scotland."

" Well the dispute began"—and Carmichael faced his task manfully—" about the appointment of clergymen, whether it should lie with a patron or the people. Lord Kilspindie had the nomination of Drumtochty, and if

every patron had been as wise as our house, then there had been no disruption."

The Doctor bowed, and motioned to Carnegie to fortify himself with port.

"Other patrons had no sense, and put in unsuitable men, and the people rebelled, since it is a sad thing for a country parish to have a minister who is not . . ."

"A gentleman? or straight? Quite so," chimed in Kate; "it must be beastly."

"So a party fought for the rights of the people," resumed Carmichael, "and desired that the parish should have a voice in choosing the man who was to take charge of . . . their souls."

"Isn't that like soldiers electing their officers?" enquired the General, doubtfully.

"Go on, Carmichael; you are putting your case capitally; don't plunge into theology, Jack, whatever you do . . . it is Sandeman's—a sound wine."

"Then what happened?" and Kate encouraged Carmichael with her eyes.

"Four hundred clergymen threw up their livings one day and went out to begin a Free Kirk, where there are no patrons."

"You have no idea—for I suppose you never heard of this before—how ministers suffered, living and dying in miserable cottages—and the people met for service on the sea-shore or in winter storms—all for conscience' sake."

Carmichael was glowing, and the Doctor sipped his port approvingly.

"Perhaps they ought not to have seceded, and perhaps their ideas were wrong; but it was heroism, and a good thing for the land."

"It was splendid!" Kate's cheek flushed. "And Drumtochty?"

"Ah, something happened here that was by itself in Scotland. Will you ask Dr. Davidson not to interrupt or browbeat me? Thank you; now I am safe."

"Some one of influence went to old Lord Kilspindie, who had no love to

the Free Kirk, and told him that a few of his Drumtochty men wanted to get a site for a Free Kirk, and that he must give it. And he did."

"Now Carmichael," began the Doctor, who had scented danger; but Kate held up her hand with an imperious gesture, and Carmichael went on:

"The same person used to send to the station for the Free Kirk probationer, and entertain him after a lordly fashion—with port, if he were worthy—and send him on his way rejoicing—men have told me. But," concluded Carmichael, averting his face from the foot of the table, "wild horses will not compel me to give that good Samaritan's name."

"Was it you, Davidson, that sanctioned such a proceeding? Why, it was mutiny."

"Of course he did, Dad," cried Kate; "just the very thing he would do: and so, I suppose, the Free Kirk love him as much as they do yourself, sir?"

"As much? far more . . ."

"Had I known what downright falsehood the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty was capable of, I would never allowed him to open his mouth."

"Well, I am satisfied, at any rate," said Kate, "and I propose to retire to the drawing-room, and I know who would love a rubber of whist by-and-bye. We are just the number."

A minute later Carmichael asked leave to join Kate, as he believed she was to have him for partner, and he must understand her game.

"How adroit he is to-night, Jack;" but the General rather pitied the lad, with whom he imagined Kate was playing as a cat with a mouse.

"Have you ever seen the face below the veil?" for they did not talk long about whist in the drawing-room. "I do not think it would be wrong to look, for the padre told me the story."

"Yes, a very winning face. His only sister, and he simply lived for her. She was only twelve when she died, and he loves her still, although he hardly ever speaks of her."

They stood together before the happy girl-face enshrined in an old man's love. They read the inscription: "My dear sister Daisy."

"I never had a sister," and Carmichael sighed.

"And I never had a brother." Their hands met as they gently lowered the veil.

"Well, have you arranged your plans?" and the Doctor came in intent on whist.

"Only one thing. I am going to follow Miss Carnegie's lead, and she is always to win," said the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty.

*(To be continued.)*

#### LAKE MAGAGUADAVIC.

*(Ad Placidum.)*

NESTLING like a slumbering maiden  
In the cedared hills of time,  
All its sapphire wastes of waters  
Fraught with mystery-haunting rhyme,  
Gilded in the glinting sunlight,  
Gently surging on the shore,  
Chant and croon me wondrous sagas  
Of the fierce glad days of yore.

Now my eyelids gently closing,  
In the drowsing summer sun,  
See it all alive with warriors,  
Know the battle just begun.  
Hark again? The quickening war-whoop  
Thrills and echoes through the hills,  
Stirring to its depths the war-blood,  
Wildly rousing sluggish wills.

Yet again the scene is changing;  
In the moonbeam's kindly light,  
'Neath the shadowing pines and maples,  
Through the water silvery bright  
Glides the bark with rhythmic motion,  
Glides with Indian youth and maid,  
Whispering soft the old-time story,  
Oft by raptured stars surveyed.

Prophet, what the mystic story  
Thy deep waters speak to-day?  
What the fateful runes of wisdom  
Thy still waters have to say?—  
"Though the strong man's soul seem peaceful,  
" Yet, methinketh, it can tell  
" All the blissful joys of heaven;  
" All the lowest deeps of hell."

C. W. VERNON.

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## MEN CALL IT CONSCIENCE.

MARRY MARSTYN.

JACK HASTINGS sat alone in his sleeping-room, with an unlit pipe between his teeth. His forehead was down-drawn with gloom, and his lips were bleeding from his having bitten them in bursts of acute mental agony. Two hours before he had crossed the dividing-line between the life of decency, in which he had always lived, and the life of shame in which all was strange to him. Already he regretted it.

The crime which he had committed, and for which he was now paying toll to conscience had been quite unpremeditated. He had been moved by an extraordinarily forceful impulse which had come upon him as a sudden squall comes upon a ship at sea.

Only a few minutes before the closing of the bank for the day he had placed a bulky package, made up of many hundreds of bills of large denominations, in a drawer of the great vault, the stone walls and the iron doors of which had seemed to him none too thick and strong for the safe-keeping of so enormous a sum. He had stood for a minute with the knob of the open drawer in his hand, looking at it fixedly.

He had looked at it too long; the evil impulse burst squall-like upon him. He tried passively, for a moment, to combat it but could not. He gasped noisily and his brain began to throb almost, it seemed to him, audibly. Then all the loud, familiar noises of the street, which came strangely keyed-down to the ears of anyone within the thick-walled vault, seemed to rise suddenly to their highest notes. He gave a start of fear, snatched the packet from the drawer and slipped it into a pocket. He threw a glance over his shoulder closed the drawer

with a quick movement and locked it.

In his swift walk from the bank to his boarding-house he put his hand to his breast many times to make sure that the money was still there. In his room he counted it over and over and then divided it into several smaller packages. It was then, that the odd feeling from which he had not since been free came upon him, and that he quite realized (with a thrill of terror) what he had done. A fever of fear which grew more and more poignant seized him and aggravated the intermittent throbbing pain in his head to a steady ache which felt as though some demon were beating a tattoo upon his brain with heated finger-tips.

He dropped limply into a chair, and put his pipe into his mouth, but did not light it. He was quite unable to think connectedly, and his headache grew steadily worse. After a time he rose and threw himself upon the bed. For several hours he lay there, dully wondering how many years of his life would be spent in drinking to its bottom this bitter cup which, with his own hands, he had lifted to his lips.

Then the pain grew less annoying, and he rose and bathed his head with cold water. He went to the closet where his clothes hung, and got his flask from a pocket of his shooting-coat and took a long pull from it. Why had he not done this before, he asked himself. It was the province of brandy to make such trouble as his less hard to bear. The spirits worked what seemed a miracle to his perturbed mind. It loosened his tense-drawn nerves, and presently the nervous dread, which had grown almost agonizing, went from him. He set the



CONSCIENCE.

leather-covered bottle to his lips again, and drank what remained in it. Then he lit a pipe and puffed violently on it. The tobacco did swiftly what the cognac had left undone, and he grew perfectly calm.

He was conscious of a heady feeling of elation at his good fortune in getting so large a sum with so little difficulty. He even laughed at his nervousness of a few minutes before, but laughed weakly and mirthlessly. He went about the room, gathering photographs, pipes of which he was fond, and small trinkets which had been gifts from friends, from the walls, mantel shelf, and dressing-table, and tossing them upon the bed. Then he filled a Gladstone bag with these and some clothing.

As he fastened the straps, he planned an escape. He would go to South America, he mentally decided, and from thence to Europe. He easily persuaded himself that evading the authorities was not a difficult art. The men who were caught, he told himself, were imbeciles, and he recalled the fact that two-thirds of them gave themselves up.

He thought, with serial thrills of pleasure, which were born in his brain and seemed to run thence through his whole body, of the life which he would live while the money lasted—and there was enough to last for years—a life which he had never hoped to live, and of the long surcease from the wearing

drudgery of desk-work which he would have. He might have to return to it, in another country and under a different name, of course, but he would drink deeply, in the years of meantime, of the life which had always been a dream-life to him.

Then he turned his eyes and a photograph of his mother, which he had left upon the dressing-table, meaning to put it into his pocketbook, caught them and held them. The stream of his thoughts gave a quick turn into a quite different channel. A memory-picture of his quiet home in the country formed itself before his eyes, and when he covered his face with his hands he saw only the vine-covered farmhouse, the tall poplars, the crooked-limbed, wide-spreading apple trees, the masses of the lilac bushes in the dooryard, and the brown and green squares of the fields beyond.

In a few moments this faded, mirage-like, and a second picture succeeded it; this time he saw the little home dining-room with its papered walls from which engravings of David Wilkie's pictures, and lithographs of the Queen, and the sailing ship which had brought his father from England half a century ago, looked down, and its old-fashioned mahogany table and huge, ancient clock. His mother sat by the window, knitting swiftly, and his white-haired father stood before the newspaper rack, rummaging among the papers with which it was crammed, with his favorite brierwood pipe between his teeth.

His head began to throb again, and he groaned aloud. Presently he rose to his feet, breathing audibly, and began to walk about the room.

He wondered vaguely when the news of his crime and flight would first reach that quiet farmhouse. Probably they would not hear of it until

they received the city newspapers of the next day.

His non-appearance at the bank the next morning would awaken the suspicions of the cashier who had given him the package to put into the vault. A necessarily futile search would be made for it and then there would be a hue and cry and a frantic telephoning and telegraphing of minute descriptions of him about the country.

It would be a "good thing" for the newspapers. The mask-like faces of the "city" editors would light up unwillingly when the hollow-voiced telephone told them of the discovery of his crime, and the best men upon all the papers would "do" two columns on it, and would head them, "Jack Hastings' big steal," or "He took only \$20,000."

He knew that an account of his sudden death would cause less astonishment and grief at his home than the highly-colored accounts of his crime, with foolish guesses at his motives for its commission, which those very newspapers to which his father was a subscriber would contain. The slangy headlines would be read by his father with a thrill of horror. He would hand the paper to his mother in silence, without waiting to read more. She would look up with incurious eyes, drop her knitting into her lap and take the paper from her husband's bony fingers, marvelling at his pallor and at the scared look in his eyes.

He tried strenuously, but vainly, not to think of what he knew would occur then. He seemed to hear indistinctly, as

one hears cries in a dream, the long-drawn, modulated shriek of his mother, and he saw her grey head fall forward on her breast.

He knew that they thought now, and had always thought, that he was the best boy in the world, this would make the grief that would follow their tremendous astonishment all the more poignant.

His face grew livid as he thought of the incredible tortures his mother would suffer.

He seemed to hear his father's quavering voice, and his heart seemed to split in two. He reeled drunkenly as he walked, and moaned in a low tone like a young child.



THE VAULT.

Then, suddenly, he thought of *her*. He bowed his head and ran his fingers through his hair and took longer steps. He wondered why he had not thought of her before.

He shivered, and the lines in his forehead deepened as a realization of what she would have to endure came to him. How quickly it would change her from a happy girl into a hard-mouthed woman, with a tear-washed face and red, half-closed eyes! Like his father and mother, and, indeed, everyone else who knew him, she would be dazed with astonishment when she read the accounts in the newspapers. Then she would lie for hours upon her bed with her face buried in the pillows crying bitterly, and afterward would sit rocking herself to and fro in the manner of a heart-broken woman, saying brokenly, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

He stopped walking and threw himself upon the bed again and lay there gasping.

The dusk was gathering and the electric lamp which swung before his window had just burst alight. But he took no thought for escape now. His thoughts were all of his parents and of *her*, and they jostled each other as they swept through his brain. And the throbbing of his head was like the throbbing of a steam engine, and seemed to shake his brain as engines shake a ship. After a time he went into a kind of stupor. When he awoke from this the night had shut in and the room was filled with the steady, white light of the big lamp outside.

He rose wearily and lit the gas, and got a pipe going, and in obedience to a sudden impulse sat down at his writing desk. But the words would not come to him; he could not write to them.

He half-started to his feet, but sat down again as an idea, which swiftly became a resolve, crept into his mind.

He took up a pen and wrote as follows to his manager:

"—— You will find the package of money which I took yesterday afternoon at 4.30 from drawer E in the vault, at my room at 30 —— street, in the drawer of my secretaire, of which I enclose the key.

JACK HASTINGS.

P. S.—For Heavens' sake, Tom, don't have me arrested. I am going home. I shall have to come down to town in a couple of weeks for my things and I shall call and explain."

He felt sure that the manager whom he had known all his life, and who liked him, would understand. The letter would reach him early next morning.

He made the money up into one packet again and placed it in the drawer. Then he closed and locked the drawer and put the key, with the note, into the envelope and sealed it. He went down-stairs and out into the street bare-headed and dropped it into a letter-box at the corner.



"His mother sat by the window knitting swiftly."



"With her face buried in the pillow."

He returned to his room with a lightened heart. He had not undone his crime; he could not undo it, but in returning the money he had done what he could. He would go home that very night, on his bicycle, and confess, first to his mother and father and then to *Her*. (She lived in the village half a mile from the farm.) They would suffer much, but not the fearful tortures which they would have suffered if he had fled with the money. Then he would work hard in the fields and live the simple life of a farmer and try to forget. He refilled his pipe and sat a long while, smoking meditatively.

When he had smoked it to the bottom he wrote a brief note to the mistress of the house and put it upon his dressing-table, where the chamber-maid would find it next morning, and take it to her.

Then he went down-stairs very softly (for everyone in the house had retired) and took his bicycle from its rack in the hall. He carried it into the street and set it down on the pavement and swung himself upon it. In a moment he had turned the corner into the great street which ran from

the hills behind the city down to its harbour, cutting it in halves, and was flying northward and homeward. As he passed a clock-tower he looked up and saw that it was half-past one. It was but nine hours since he had taken the money, but it seemed to have been days.

A trolley car stormed by him and he quickened his pace and caught up with it and rode along side of it, glad of the tremendous noise it made. It seemed to meet, at half-way, the unrest in his mind.

As he passed out into the moonlit country and over the white roads, mile upon mile, that unrest began to go from him.

He had feared that he would be compelled, through all his remaining days, to drag at heel the incubus of his crime. But the religious quiet of the sleeping country (it was a windless night and, save when a cock crew, the silence was unbroken) seemed to wash his soul clear of this fear, and he grew less dejected. He thanked heaven with strenuous fervour that he had returned the money.

He rode on rapidly, with divers sweet smells in his nostrils—the

earthy smell of the newly ploughed fields, the delicate fragrance of apple-bloom and of blowing lilacs and the beady scents of the fresh grass and of the cedars that grew by the fence-sides.

Presently the dawn-wind came out of the north and blew lightly upon his face, and the cold drab of the eastern sky changed to a grey which grew less and less opaque and at last gave place to a thin wash of yellow.

Cocks crew noisily, and the cattle in the pastures rose clumsily to their feet and began to feed. The kitchen chimneys of the roadside farmhouses sent up spirals of blue-grey smoke, and the freshening wind brought the smell of cooking meats to his nostrils.

The yellow of the eastern horizon grew deeper and warmer, and presently turned to gold. A few minutes later the sun climbed ablaze into the sky.

He glanced at his cyclometer and saw that he was half way home. He quickened his pace, and raced through a large town, which still slept, and along the ribbon-like turnpike at his utmost speed, which "ate up the miles like fire."

For many miles he reproached himself bitterly for having weakly given way to the strange impulse which had come upon him in the vault. Then, his mood changing, he uttered a little strenuous prayer to heaven for having mercifully saved him from eternal shame and remorse. He would live a life of monastic purity; if ever a great mistake was lived down, his should be.

At last, between seven and eight o'clock he rode into the village where she lived. Many people who knew him shouted "good morning" and "how are you" and he nodded to right and left as he rode swiftly through the single long street. As he neared her father's house he lowered his eyes and tightened his muscles and shot by with a sudden burst of speed.

In a few minutes he reached his home. He greeted the servant girl

who was at work in the kitchen with a degree of warmth that surprised her. His mother had not yet risen, she told him, and his father was in the fields helping his hired-man.

He passed into the little dining-room and eyed the spread breakfast-table hungrily for he had eaten nothing since noon of the day before.

In a little time he heard the sound of his mother's steps on the stair and in a moment she entered the room and gave a start of surprise.

"Why, Jack!" she said.

"Mother!" he groaned and made three long steps across to her and kissed her tenderly. Then he told her all as simply as he could and pitifully craved her pardon.

She was greatly astonished and burst into a storm of tears. Her body wavered, and her face grew grey. He led her gently to a chair and she sank into it.

He bent over her, nearly in tears himself. "Oh mother!" he cried "have I broken your heart?"

She could hardly speak for emotion. "No Jack," she sobbed, "I am weeping for joy. I am so glad that you saved yourself. Oh! if you had gone away with the money it would have killed me, Jack."

She rose unsteadily and put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again, wetting his face with her tears.

"Oh, Jack" she cried, "what would I have done if you had"—her sobs choked her.

"Do you forgive me mother?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"Yes, Jack," she said, making a great effort to calm herself.

His eyes grew brighter, and he kissed her lightly on the forehead. A great fire of joy burned in him.

In an hour's time he set out for her home. She was in the garden cutting flowers, and gave a little glad cry when she saw him. She ran across the lawn towards him, smiling gaily. But when she saw that he wore a down-

cast air, the smile faded from her face.

"What is the matter, Jack?" she asked, anxiously.

He led to a rustic seat underneath a tree and told her, in a few words, what he had done, and asked for forgiveness. Her face grew pale and she set her lips hard but did not weep. When he had finished she said nothing, but bent over and kissed him. Their eyes met and he knew that she too had forgiven him, though she was silent.

Springing suddenly to her feet, she said: "Let us walk, dear."

And they walked up and down the park-like garden, under the chestnut trees, and talked much.

He rode home that night very slowly, reading and re-reading by the light of the moon, which was at full, and looked like a Brobittingnagian silver coin, a telegram he had received an hour before noon from his manager. There were but four words on it. They were: "It's all right, Jack."

## IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., TORONTO.

IMPERIAL Federation is a live subject. Various aspects of it have been discussed in the pages of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE by such gentlemen as Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Howard Vincent. A short time ago the questions pertaining to closer relationship between Britain and her Colonies were up for review at the congress of the Chambers of Commerce. It is not the writer's intention to do more than touch upon a few of the salient points of this large subject.

One of the solutions to Imperial Federation would be for all the Colonies to adopt a fiscal system similar to that now in operation in the Mother Country. This would mean that Canada, Australia, India and other Colonies must become practically free traders, as is the case with Britain. It may at once be admitted that there is no hope of all the Colonies ever being brought to see eye to eye with the Mother Country on free trade. Time need not be wasted upon any project so impossible of attainment.

A second basis of Federation has been suggested and urged to the effect that Britain impose a duty on raw material and food stuffs coming from foreign countries in order that these countries might be put at a disadvan-

tage as compared with the British Colonies. Here again, the great difficulty must be faced of inducing Britain to give up free trade. If it would appear impossible to persuade the Colonies to become free traders, it would appear still less likely to persuade Britain to become protectionist. In the language of Right Hon. J. Chamberlain in the Chambers of Commerce, "there is not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time" Britain "would adopt so one-sided an agreement."

These two plans being set aside, is there any alternative course open? This can be answered in the affirmative. There could be established between Britain and her Colonies a Customs Union, such as exists in Germany, and among the states of the United States. The Mother Country and the Colonies would become free trade to each other, and still retain their autonomy regarding duties levied on foreign imports. This idea of an Imperial Zollverein was urged by Mr. Chamberlain at the above congress. On articles produced in large quantities in the Colonies, Britain would impose some duty against foreign countries. This would of course give the Colonies the preference, and enable

them to compete in a winning game. British capital and labor would reciprocate throughout all the Empire.

Mr. J. G. Colmer in his prize essay on the Commercial Federation of the Empire suggests care and moderation in attempting any Customs Union, and in not making the changes too sweeping nor including too many articles at first. In this way there would be better hope of success. He thinks that on many articles imported into Britain from the Colonies and foreign countries, the duty against the latter might remain, and against the former be reduced one half.

Mr. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, objects to the idea of a Zollverein, because it would unite the rest of the world against the British empire. I think this argument is not well founded. Would Russia be more unfriendly to India under the proposed Zollverein than at present? Would the United States be more antagonistic to Canada then than now? The United States cannot object to Canada entering into any trade agreement with Britain and the other Colonies that may be deemed wise. This is just what the United States would do, and to which Canada cannot raise any objection. They have a right to look after their own affairs as may please themselves best. Surely we can do the same. There are two ways of escaping the opposition Premier Reid fears; either by being too small and weak to merit attention, or by being too large and powerful for it to be of any avail. The latter would be the position of Britain and the Colonies under federation. France and Germany are working under a similar plan, and it has not united against them the rest of the world. Mr. Reid's objections may be safely set aside as not real.

But the side of defence must not be lost sight of. The resources of such an empire would be inexhaustible both in men and supplies. It would be quite impossible for any power to cut

off the trade of the empire in any particular that would affect the whole. The world's surface would be dotted over with British strongholds, that could only be reached by countries possessing powerful fleets. From these strongholds, at a moment's notice, could rush forth both soldiers and ships. We have yet to learn that Britain's position has been weakened by the possession of Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope, or the Suez Canal. This condition of strength would be multiplied many times over by Imperial Federation. The very reverse of what Premier Reid fears would be the actual result of such a close union between Britain and the Colonies, as would be brought about by mutual agreement on trade, commerce, and defence.

The great empire thus constituted might not have the symmetry of the pine. It might rather be irregular and rugged at many points; but, like the grand old oak of many centuries, would strike its roots deeply, would present to the storms its strong and rugged bark, and extend to the breezes of every clime its spreading branches. From India, from Africa, from Canada, from Egypt, from Australia, from New Zealand, there would be an ever-increasing volume of importations by the Mother Country, and a corresponding stream of capital to these Colonies in return for these goods. Of the £321,493,640 worth of importations in 1895 by Britain from foreign countries, a slight preference in duties would send a large portion of this money to the Colonies. Deeper and deeper the roots of this trade would strike; larger and ever larger would grow the trunk of the resulting employment of labor; wider and yet wider would the protecting shade of the branches extend. Bound together by the strong bonds of common origin and interests, the world would not again see a great schism of the Anglo-Saxon race, as was beheld when the United States declared for independence.

## ALLO THE WAY TO THE MANSION-HOUSE.

GRACE MCLEOD ROGERS.

"Brave London prentisses,  
Come listen to my song;  
'Tis for your glory all,  
And to you doth belong."

### I.

PLYMOUTH in old England is picturesquely situated at the bight of the Sound—a broad arm which the boisterous British Channel thrusts into the Devonshire coast. It is an historic town, singularly rich and comprehensive in its local literature. Sir Francis Drake was once mayor of the burrough, and from the spacious Plymouth docks set out on his "discoveries about the earth." Sir John Hawkins and his father were born there, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert made it the starting point for his memorable voyages to the new world.

My hero also, Brook Watson by name, was born in its storied precincts. In 1744 he was left an orphan. His father, though a merchant of considerable note, died penniless; and his eight year old son had for sole bequest a good, untarnished name and a spirit brave to parry the blows of ill fortune and hard circumstance.

Some friends of Mr. Watson consulted together and agreed to confide the boy to the care of a distant relative, an extensive trader at sea, formerly of England, then of Boston in the colonies. About six months after his father's death, all arrangements were completed for his passage across the ocean.

### II.

April in Plymouth was merging into May. Hedgerows were abloom, the birds were singing their old spring melodies, the sun was shining in warm slanting rays over the long pier where

the Mary Edgar lay moored. It wanted yet a full hour of sunset, the time fixed for the vessel's departure.

Some one brought young Watson to the pier, deposited him and his small blue chest on board ship, bade him good-bye and left him alone on the narrow deck. No one noticed him and he crept up among the ropes and rigging of the bow, watching the bare-throated sailors, with rhythmic response to command, swinging the heavy freight into the vessel's yawning hold.

Finally the lading was completed, and the Mary Edgar set sail down the Sound. Alone in the fading light the lad remained on his perch, a forlorn little figure-head, his face turned back to the fast receding town.

The Cornwall and Dartmoor hills sank from sight. The great chain of forts with wide-throated guns was lost to view. The high Hoe rock grew dim. And clear, though faint, the bells of the old parish church of Saint Charles the Martyr, pealed their echoing chime on the mute quiescent air. They were calling—

"Turn again, turn again,  
Turn again Watson."

as the bells did to Dick Whittington in the old ballad, but the boy could not interpret them, nor understand their golden promise of fortune.

### III.

Havana, one of the principal seats of commerce in the New World, is built on the northern coast of the island of Cuba. From sea, the sight of its palaces and cathedrals of yellow

stone, and the flat-roofed houses of white marble behind the long line of fortifications, is beautiful indeed.

On an elevated plateau overlooking the blue Gulf of Mexico, stands the spacious hospital of the Real Casa de Beneficencia. In 1749 it was of smaller dimensions and much less luxurious in its appointments, but its white cot beds, and its sweet-voiced grey-robed nurses were then, as now, a part of its peace and repose. In midsummer of this year 1749, at early nightfall of one of the long hot days, the nuns were making ready a fresh bed. A young English lad, from one of the ships in port, had been terribly bitten by a shark; the ship must sail at flood, and the stranger was to be brought to the hospital and left in charge of the Spanish physicians and nurses.

The lad's name was Brook Watson. Four years had elapsed since his departure from Plymouth on that April evening. The *Mary Edgar* made a safe passage to Boston, and the relative, a Mr. Leavens, proved a kind friend and protector. Finding the boy a good sailor and fond of adventure, he placed him on board his best trading vessel, and the career of the young orphan was begun.

The trip to Havana had been greatly desired, and he had enjoyed to the full the rambles about the fountains and cathedrals and ramparts of this New Spain, founded with such gilded visions by the Spanish hidalgos of the fifteenth century. After the confinement of a tedious voyage, the coast sea-baths proved a special delight. Excavated apartments for bathing, secure from sharks, are now made in the solid coral reefs, but no such convenience then existed, and the English lad, unconscious of danger, was seized by the ever-lurking monsters, and before assistance could be procured, one of his legs was horribly mangled.

The kindly captain of the ship accompanied him to the hospital, saw that his life was not in danger, and

left instructions with the physicians to put him when recovered on board some British ship for Boston.

The leg was amputated, and all through the languor and glare of the summer the boy lay on the narrow bed. For many weeks he was unconscious and helpless, understanding no word of his attendants and unable to make known his wants but by signs and looks. By and by he caught the import of the strange speech and at length could speak one and another of the soft phrases in a patois of Spanish and his own tongue, readily comprehended by his nurses.

He did not despair though he was often despondent. The sight of the suffering in the other cots somewhat eased his own, and he learned some lessons that were never forgotten, lessons that helped shape his career. He spoke of them at a princely gathering in London when he was an old man—"strength of weakness"—"power of passiveness"—"patience of pain."

With the cooler winds of the autumn season he grew strong enough for the removal, and bidding his Spanish friends *adios*, once again took ship for Boston. He was now fourteen years of age, bright-eyed, keen-witted, but the golden promise of the Bells seemed removed forever from a lad with a wooden leg.

#### IV.

On one of Boston's narrow streets in the year 1749 stood the tavern of *The Lark and the Nightingale*, a name supposed to be significant to travellers of the late and early hours allowed by the landlady who presided under its grey gabled roof. This inn had been for many years the stopping place of Mr. Leavens the protector and relative of young Watson, and here the boy at once repaired when the vessel reached Boston.

To his dismay he learned that his kind friend had failed in business and disappeared from the city, leaving no clue to his present address.

The landlady, a hard coarse woman, had no mind to be taxed with a crippled lad who would be of little or no service to her establishment; and already smarting under the loss of Leaven's unpaid bill she immediately announced her intention to send for the Selectmen and have him bound out to a tailor who had a shop near the tavern.

The poor boy cried bitterly and refused to submit to her authority. His cries and the woman's threatening talk attracted the attention of the guests in the adjoining room, and a tall good-natured man pushed open the door between.

"What is the trouble mistress?" he enquired.

Readily relating her complaints she urged his assistance in compelling the lad's submission.

"Will you not be a tailor?" asked the man kindly, turning to the cripple.

"I'll not!" he curtly answered, "and I wish the sharks had finished the business they begun!"

"But why not be a tailor?" enquired the stranger, pleased with the terse reply.

"Because I'll be a *man*, if I am a wooden-legged one," said the cripple, "and it takes nine tailors to make a man!"

The gentlemen was still more pleased. "Come live with me," he said, "and I'll help you, though you've small need of help with that spirit of yours." And turning again to the woman he made all necessary enquiries relative to the lad's parentage and former protector.

As the request was backed by a generous sovereign for the night's lodging, she gave all desired information, and urged the stranger to take the boy without delay, though she cautiously put him under the requisite engagement with the Selectmen of the city, to prevent his return as a burden to her or the corporation.

Watson's new-found friend was a shipowner and trader, Captain John Huston, a native of Chiegnecto, Nova

Scotia, and was then in Boston in charge of his own coasters. The homeless lad gladly consented to accompany him on his return voyage, and the following day went aboard the vessel and set out for another new land, the land of Acadie.

## V.

At the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the crown of a hill on the Nova Scotia side of the bay, stand the ruins of the French fortress of Beau Sejour. It's fine, unbroken massive bastions, still flank the blue bay, but the ramparts are sunken and grass-grown, and the stone has fallen to decay.

Two miles south, on a lower ridge of land can be traced the remains of Fort Lawrence the British stronghold. Between them runs a sluggish stream called the Missaquash, the once disputed boundary between French and British dominion. At high water it is a river of considerable volume, at ebb a mere brooklet threading the slimy red mud of its deep channel.

Round about these forts from the year 1750 to 1755, was enacted a series of bloody engagements between the two nations, eventuating finally in that stern sentence of expulsion from the province of the whole French population.

On an autumn morning of 1751, the garrison, camped under La Corne at Beau Sejour, saw to their delight a herd of fat cattle cross the dividing stream to feed on the Grand Pré surrounding their ramparts. It was rich prospect of fresh meat, and the petty-officer in command gave instant orders to his men to keep them in view and prevent their recapture by the English; if necessary to engage in a skirmish rather than lose the prize.

In the British camp at Fort Lawrence there was dismay, not delight, and a hurried consultation among the soldiers as to which man dared ford the river and bring the stragglers back.

No one volunteered.

"Whose are the cattle?" asked one of the men.

"Huston, the commissariat. They were to furnish us food for a fortnight; we can ill afford to let the Frenchmen eat our dinners. We must recover them at once."

While they talked some one called that already a man was making his way to the river. The soldiers, eager to distinguish the rescuer, mounted the palisades. As he emerged from the sea of grass and stood on the river's bank a murmur of surprise and admiration went round among them.

"Huston's one-legged lad!" they cried. "He has more spirit than we have."

Indeed the boy seemed to feel no fear of the French fire. He calmly removed his heavy clothing and with wonderful quickness succeeded in crossing the sluggish stream. The enemy was approaching from the other side, the cattle contentedly browsing between.

"Youngster," called the foremost Frenchman, "What have you to do upon the land of the King of France?"

"My concern is not with the King of France, nor about his land," replied the boy, limping toward the herd to head them for the river, "But I mean to take care of the English cattle!"

Won by the pluck and sharp retort, the officer with the ready gallantry characteristic of his nation, gave orders to his men to desist from further attack. And with caps doffed in a cheer they allowed the cripple to drive the deserters safely back to British pastures.

The cripple was no other than our hero, Brook Watson. He had now been living a year with his new found friends at Chignecto. When Fort Lawrence was erected and received an occupation of British troops, Captain Huston removed to the vicinity of the fort and became largely engaged trading in commissariat supplies. With him was connected Col. Winslow, a thorough and accomplished accoun-

tant, afterward noted for his prominent part in the deplorable drama of Acadian Expulsion. Under two such competent instructors, an excellent opportunity was thus before the young orphan of becoming a well-trained business man.

Brook Watson neglected no opportunities.

## VI.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1757, was small of size and rude of build. Her present parks and gardens were stretches of forest and fields of stumps. Her fortifications now girdling her rocky coast were slight and insecure barricades of logs. And her citizens were but struggling with the foundations of the comfortable fortunes which their descendants enjoy to-day.

On one of the lower cross lanes of the city, now known as Bedford Row, stood a small building owned and occupied by a mercantile firm. The firm was composed of two members, both young and fearless, and confident of success. One furnished the necessary capital, the other brought a thorough knowledge of account and a fair experience in home and foreign trade, and that rare gift of foresight and decision so important to a man who must judge and take advantage of a profitable venture, and reject as decidedly an unprofitable one.

This later man, the junior partner of the firm, was called Mr. Watson. He had attained his majority and was no longer willing to be dependent upon the bounty of Captain Huston. In stature he was slight but firm set. His wooden leg was never thought of when one saw his strong frank face and honest eyes. The strong keen face told you that whatever awaited him he was going forth to meet without fear and with a strong heart.

Perhaps a tone of the yearning, prophetic call of the Bells had staid with him through all his life since that April evening in Plymouth, for after a few year's residence in the new city

he severed all business relations with the Colonies and took ship to old England to seek his fortune in the Mother land.

## VII.

London the emporium of England, the centre of its great monetary transactions, the home of its science, its literature and its art, the resort of aristocrats and landed proprietors, the refuge of outcast thousands, the golden city to so many poor lads, this London of Whittington's was before the young man and he became one of her teeming throng.

After struggling for some months alone he was made known to Mr. Maughr, then Nova Scotia's agent in England. This gentleman, influenced by recommendations of former friends in Halifax, advanced him a considerable sum of money and procured for him a partnership in a small but rising mercantile house.

The ladder before the young lad was long and steep, but sure steps, are strong steps, and what he "took" he "kept."

His affairs prospered. His good habits and business ability aided the mounting. Many who noticed his advancement said he was "born under a lucky star." The few who knew him well, said his *character* was his destiny, that he grappled with adverse circumstances and mastered them and made of them "rounds by which he might ascend."

Ten, twenty years passed. He was preparing for the calls that were to be made upon him. In 1782 he was appointed Commissary-General to the army in North America. Two years later he was sent to Parliament as one of the representatives of the city of London. At the same period he became a Director of the Bank of England and an Alderman for Cordwainer's Ward. Later he served the office of Sheriff.

In 1796 he was elected Lord Mayor of London.

And in 1803 His Majesty was graciously pleased to reward him for his faithful discharge of duties by creating him, gratuitously, a Baronet of the United Kingdom.

An orphan lad in old Plymouth, and a nobleman of England; a foundling in the Spanish hospital of Havana and the holder of one of the most important public functions of the realm; a wooden-legged outcast ousted by Boston's Selectmen, and an occupant of the Mansion House, dispensing the hospitality of the city of London.

It reads like a fable. It is as true as truth.

In 1807 Sir Brook Watson died. The public notices of his death stated that he was a constitutional loyal subject, a diligent, faithful servant, an upright magistrate, a firm Christian. His title is at the present day held by Sir Brook Key, who resides at Stanley Lodge, Battledown, Cheltenham.

## THE BRIDE.

**T**HROUGH her life's length this sweet-mouthed, glad-miened maid  
By his side who has won her, unafraid,  
Will stand, and calm and strong and quick to aid.

MARRY MARSTYN.

## THE ISLE OF FISHERS.

JAMES MURRAY, EX-M.H.A.

NEWFOUNDLAND is best known to the outside world in connection with the great Cod fishery which occupies the energies of nine-tenths of her people and provides the materials for three fourths of her exports. The former number a population of about 200,000, and the latter aggregates a yearly value of nearly ten millions of dollars. A peculiarity of the island's trade statistics is that the fishermen import nearly all the goods they consume and thus provide the means of an adequate revenue for self-governing purposes by a customs tariff only. The fish exports being sold for cash in the foreign consuming markets, the Newfoundland buyers are consequently enabled to purchase all their requirements for food and clothing wherever the best value can be had. They make nothing and 'raise' nothing of these supplies to speak of, a clear proof either that they find fishing a more profitable vocation than farming and manufacturing, or that their aptitudes and environment better adapt them for the fishing industry. Any way their habits are simple; their wants are primitive and few: and although they are enormous consumers along the lines of their choice the individual articles that make up the list are very limited in number.

In considering the population of 'the Isle of Fishers' in connection with its internal economic features, to properly understand the subject we must divide said population into two parts. About one half dwell on the peninsula of Avalon, and having a great deal of good land around their doors, they combine attention to the fishery with a limited amount of land-culture,—that is they grow sufficient table vegetables for their own use all the year

round and rear a limited extent of live stock. This, with their share of fish, enables them to live comfortably on land-plots for which they pay little or no rent, and in dwellings for the most part constructed by their own hands.

The other 100,000 of the population live along the margin of sea-coast, and are fishermen pure and simple. They are citizens of the sea rather than of the land and live within sound of it that they may be nearer, for convenience sake, to the scene of their avocation. Their fishing hamlets which fringe the coast from Cape Race to Cape John, in every bay, bight and bottom, are as nearly alike in outward feature as they can well be.

A typical fishing village is noticeable from its flakes and stages—called fishing rooms—which run down into and overhang the landwash. Here the fishing boats discharge their piscatory cargo as it is caught fresh and round from the ocean.

Thrown up on the stage-head, each codfish is quickly decapitated, 'split,' cleaned and trimmed, after which it is laid down in salt bulk, to undergo pressure and absorb the pickle. After some days spent thus, the salted fish is washed out and subjected to several separate exposures to the sun on elevated flakes where the aid of the air is also obtainable. Some five or six weeks are necessary to perfect the cure, after which the fish are in shipping order and need only occasional attention to keep them in good condition.

There are between 30,000 and 40,000 families on the island who are engaged in this industry either as exclusive fishermen or as fishermen-farmers. In the former branch the female members of the family often

assist in the curing process and the boys often commence to help the father in the capturing process before they are twelve years old. The season begins with May and ends with October, except in a limited area on the West Coast where there is a winter fishery and where the summer fishery is practically non-existent.

The export of Codfish annually ranges between one million quintals and a million and a quarter. The quintals ranges in value in the local market from \$2.00 to \$4.00 and contains 112 lbs of dried or 'cured' fish. It takes from seventy five to one hundred codfish to make up a quintal according to size. A fisherman may catch two or three quintals of fish in a day or he may take a week to catch a single quintal. These are the handline or punt fishermen. Fish are also caught 'on trawls,' and by means of various kinds of nets some of which are small and conservative, while others are of the most destructive and wasteful description. The floating craft employed are of the most diverse kind and size, from the simple punt that takes one man and a boy, or perhaps a dog, to the trim schooner that goes to the Banks or Labrador. The fishing "skiff," specially built for the purpose, is, however, the fisherman's pride and delight as such; she is a miniature schooner, can be handled by one man, on a pinch, and usually carries two or three men who are able to tend two lines apiece. These skiffs are able to weather a pretty stiff breeze and are

used to go off into deep water four or five miles from shore. The fish caught in them is frequently dragged up from a depth of 4 lines of water, which is equal to 120 fathoms or over 700 feet. Just think of dragging up a heavy codfish of perhaps ten pounds weight, besides the weight of lead 'sinker' and line, from such a depth and not knowing until the hook reaches the surface whether the toil is fruitless or not.

The Newfoundland fisherman leaves his home at early dawn and rarely returns except with the shades of evening closing around him. He has no food all day but a loaf of dry bread, baked in the cooking stove at home, or a few ship biscuits and a kettle of tea. Sometimes he can heat the tea, sometimes he cannot. His one meal for the day is taken at home when he returns and has 'hove' up his day's catch of fish in the stage. His children are then in bed of course and he is gone off again to the fishing ground in the morning before they are up. The life is a dreary and toilsome one for the 'single' or hook-and-line fisherman, and many a convict serving out his term of hard labor in one of the large prison establishments of Europe or the United States has as much freedom and many more of the substantial comforts of life. But theoretical freedom the Newfoundland fishers have; and this if even of less practical value, they prize more highly than the most gilded life of luxury and ease.



## A THOUSAND YEARS OF THE MAGYARS.

THOS. LINDSAY.

**T**O have lived a thousand years—through the darkest of the dark ages, and on through the ever recurring changes of modern times; to have maintained the courageous spirit of an age when courage was the chiefest of the virtues; to speak still the language in which their ancestors proclaimed sovereignty over the land; this is a record of which any people may be justly proud, and every lover of liberty, whatever his descent, will have none but the kindest sympathy and the highest admiration for the Hungarian nation, now celebrating the end of its first millenial.

The English reader knows Hungary by its geographical position, knows that it has its own parliament and laws, that it is an integral part of a great dual empire, not a conquered country gathered in by a grasping neighbor, but there his knowledge ends; he finds that English writers have not studied this people, rich though their history is, unique indeed in pointing to what a people may accomplish who possess at once the robust qualities of their warlike ancestors, and the power of assimilating all that is best in modern life. To learn something of the Magyar's history we must be indebted to English renderings of the Magyar's own literary work, and we find that marked by a style of noble simplicity, as if the aim were to record the bare truth alone, to tell the world there was nothing to conceal. There is indeed no nation, of ancient or modern times, whose history is so clear of ugly black spots as is the story of the rise and progress of Hungary.

There is a time in our childhood when we feel interested in knowing to which nation we belong and what

that nation has been and is; and perhaps some selected story of the olden days is remembered, treasured up, as the starting point whence we journey on through a record of events, more or less pleasingly related until we reach—the reign of Queen Victoria. It so happened that in the writer's case, before the "conquest of Britain by the Romans" was conned as a first lesson the early story of the Magyars had been read, and that was the story with which, ever afterwards, all other tales of nations' beginnings were to be compared, and—suffer in comparison. But the picture which captivates one may have no charms for another, and it is only in view of the fact that a whole nation is celebrating the events of ten centuries ago, that we venture to sketch in rough outline the first of the Magyar people.

Whence came they? Whence indeed but from Adam? And tradition is not slow in tracing their line of descent straight back to Noah, through Magyar the son of Nimrod, and claiming cousinship with the descendants of Hunyor, another son of the great hunter. But, however that may be, they existed as a host of scattered tribes, during the early centuries of our era, on the slopes of the Caucasus and along the shores of the Volga. That they belonged originally to the Tartar tribes, roaming the steppes of Asia seems probable, but as their descendants claim only a thousand years of nationality we are concerned with a picture of the end of the ninth century. Somewhere about that time the Magyars seem to have become restless; they had doubtless heard glowing tales of the invasions of the western world by just such as they, and longed to see for themselves

those fertile regions upon which their cousins the Huns had descended four centuries earlier, but had failed to retain.

And so we find them passing rapidly westward, with all their belongings; almost directly in their route is an easy path through the Carpathian mountains; they swoop down upon the plains watered by the Danube—and there they remain to-day. We have no picture of the destruction of ships to cut off retreat, these people had nothing to do with the sea, but we find them ratifying a compact which in some measure allows us an insight into their character. They number seven tribes; the great chief who brought them almost to the land of promise, the mighty Almos, has not lived to finish the journey, and the chieftainship of the seven falls to his son Arpad. He and the minor chiefs stand in a circle round a rough hewn vessel of stone; Arpad bares his arm to the point of his sword and his blood flows into the vessel; another and another, till there is mingled together the blood from the veins of the seven leaders. Then one by one they taste of the reeking draught and swear, fealty to Arpad, fealty to one another, and obedience to equitable laws relating to—future division of the spoils! The land before them is to be theirs; they claim it was bequeathed to them by their cousins the Huns; they will hold it while a life remains. The Magyars are all there, they have left none of their kin on the other side of the Carpathians; they are all now upon the fertile plains, and further reinforcement of their numbers being impossible, the future presents two visions only. This land into which they have entered must either possess their bones one by one till all the followers of Arpad are gone, or, the race of Arpad must possess the land. This was in the year of grace 889. A thousand years and more have passed away, and the basin of Danube is still the "land of the Magyar."

Arpad, presenting such a warlike character, must have been also endowed with a great deal of common sense, especially for a barbarian. He was content to grasp supreme control of the territory into which he had entered without humiliating the conquered, and thus gathered round him friends from among the vanquished tribes, while his own people were ever loyally attached to him. His descendants in the direct male line ruled Hungary for over four hundred years, something remarkable in those troublous times.

"By God's decree this noble tree,  
Was planted in the land;  
The seed came from fair Asia's plains,  
Unto Carpathia's strand;  
Through twice two hundred years it grew,  
And shot its stem on high;  
Through twice two hundred years its leaves,  
Were green against the sky."

If we may judge from the general outlines of history the fact that a dynasty could hold power so long proves first, that the rulers must have been men of no ordinary attainments, and secondly that the people must have been a unit, free from internal dissensions.

The Magyars, however, were not altogether saints, and they suffered often enough at the hands of warlike neighbors whom they sought in vain to dispossess of territory. But that was long ago, and the Hungarian, honoured to-day among the highly civilized people of Europe, can well afford to tell, in festival times, of some disastrous expedition conducted by the men of Arpad's race. The great prince himself, beloved of his people, died peacefully in the year 907. About 50 years later the Magyars had become bold enough to make excursions, seeking plunder, north to the very shores of the Baltic, and east to the gates of Constantinople. One of their expeditions northward into the territory of the Emperor Otho resulted so disastrously that of the whole of a splendid army only seven

survived, and these were sent back with mutilated faces.

In a boat of the Rhine they are thrown  
To follow the Danube's track—  
"Tell the Magyars," said Otho, with sneers,  
If they come, it is thus they go back.

Still one remained a captive, destined for the axe, Lehel the leader.

One of the chieftains seven,  
From Asia came Lehel of old,  
His horn the great call of his tribe  
When to battles of blood they rolled.

(But the balladist, Garay, can scarcely be correct here, or Lehel must have been a very old war horse indeed.)

Lehel's horn seems to have been an integral part of him, as it were, and was known to his enemies, Otho included, as having sounded of joy alone. Before the brave old warrior was to meet the axe he was jeeringly asked to grant one boon—

What I long to hear now from thee,  
Is a strain that of woe may tell—  
Blow thy funeral note to thy comrades,  
And then, if thou wilt, thy farewell.

This was ten centuries ago, but what son of Arpad will not feel his heart leaping with nameless emotion as he hears some patriotic ballad singer, mayhap in some obscure corner of the Magyar land recite—

And before the Emperor stepping  
He swelled no dirge from his throat;  
But with both hands lifting the horn  
At Otho's red forehead he smote.

"Go first to the world of death," he said,  
"There seek, if thou needest, a slave,  
But if ghosts of servants have need,  
Then will Otho serve Lehel the Brave."

And it will add not a little to his pleasure to know that the story of Lehel and his horn is literally true, though he did not kill the emperor.

But if the Magyars suffered occasionally defeat, certain it is that neither the Turk on the one side nor the German on the other were ever able to gain and hold one foot of their territory. If Arpad rose from his grave to-day he would find that his descendants had remembered the oath of

the seven, had been true to his memory, true to themselves and were steadily Magyarizing the whole of south-eastern Europe. Strong in their unity, there is no people in Christendom who can, so to speak, see so clearly through their past history, and for none is the future so bright. The union with Austria was a union of dynasties, not of peoples. The Magyar celebrates the millennial of Hungary, not of Austro-Hungary. If we would study the Hungarian we must forget his political name, which only misleads us. We may study him as the result of an evolutionary process, which can be traced in most minute detail, leading from the barbarian of the Caucasus to a race not less cultured than the highest in Europe.

In these days of celebrations, anniversaries and centennials among our own people, we are apt to forget that there are other people in the world who have histories to look back upon. Hungary's millennial may possibly awaken us. We may send greetings to the courtly Magyar in English but a few centuries old, and he will answer in the language spoken on the plains of Asia when the world was young.

It is to be hoped that the western world may become better acquainted than it has hitherto been with the literature of Hungary. A people with such a glorious record must give expression to their feelings and their aspirations—we would like to know just what they think of their past and of their possible future. Here and there we meet with English renderings of lyric pieces, and in case the reader may think that the Magyar with the pride of a thousand years has no place for gaiety, here is a part rendering of a wine sing which I believe no one can read and ever forget.

Away with water!  
It tastes not to the tongue—  
Give me wine, wine!  
'Tis wine that makes me young!

Full of the glorious grape  
Even Noah, holy man, became—  
Why therefore not drink wine,  
I, poor sinner that I am !

These lines do not show the Magyar at his best, but they show one phase of his life. They have been ringing in my ears for a generation, and though I never endorsed the sentiment, yet, knowing that the children of Arpad traced their descent back to

Noah, I could not but admire the boldness of the argument !

Be true to the land of thy birth,  
Son of the Magyar race ;  
It nourished, nursed, and soon its earth  
Will be thy resting place.

Behold the dear, the hallow'd soil  
On which our father's bled ;  
Lo here ten centuries of toil  
Have bound the mighty dead.

## A DEPOSED FAVOURITE.

E. LAETITIA PHILLIMORE.

**H**E had been his mistress' constant companion ever since he was a funny little shaggy ball of a puppy. His mistress was very tall and very beautiful and Tip was deeply impressed with the idea that there was no one else at all like her in all the wide world. He was content to lie for hours at her feet with his silky ear against the white hand that caressed him. He slept in her room at night and was never separated from her in the day time. All her friends were his friends, even the tall dark gentleman who came so often and stayed so long. Sometimes when Tip was being caressed more fondly than usual the dark gentleman would become jealous, and tell Tip's mistress that she loved the dog better than she loved him, and Tip's mistress would say, "Love me, love my dog," and smile up at him. Then the dark gentleman would kiss her, and they would forget all about Tip.

Soon the dark gentleman and Tip's mistress were married, and Tip went to live with them. There he had a little room all to himself near theirs, and used to lie awake anxiously half the night to be quite sure that no robbers were in the house. He was more devoted to his mistress than ever, and

would go for a walk with no one else, not even the dark gentleman. Many a long summer's day did Tip spend in the house in order to keep his mistress company.

"There is no one in all the world like my Tippie," she would say, fondly patting the faithful little head, "he cares for no one but me."

"You will forget all about Tip some day," the dark gentleman would say with a smile.

But she only shook her head. Tip had the snuggest of beds, the daintiest of meals and the fondest of caresses, and he always should have them. And he repaid her love in his own little dog fashion by worshipping her in a manner that was positively pathetic.

One day Tip awoke to find that he had a rival.

It was a very strange rival, a little squeaking bundle of pink flannel, with a very red round face peeping out of it. Tip's mistress lay back on her pillows, very white and very beautiful, and she had a smile on her face such as Tip had never seen there before. Tip crept very softly up to her, and licked her white fingers in token of sympathy.

"Go away, Tip," said the dark gen-

tleman sharply, "you must not worry your mistress now."

Tip looked at her. She had her eyes fixed on the pink bundle and did not even glance at him. He crept away to his own little room, and burying his little shaggy head in the pillow lay there very quietly for the rest of the day, trying hard to conquer his jealous hatred of the pink bundle that his mistress loved. Later on in the day the dark gentleman, finding him there, tried to coax him to eat some dinner. Tip turned away his head. Nor could he be tempted out of doors. He just lay there and looked patiently at this new world out of his pathetic brown eyes—a world he had never known before, devoid of the love that his warm little doggish heart could not do without.

Some days later the dark gentleman wrote quite a number of letters in his wife's room, and laughed very much as he wrote them. His wife laughed too, and played with the pink bundle and seemed very happy. The dark gentleman read one of the letters aloud.

#### "MY DEAR AUNTIE LUCIE :

I came by a very early train on Monday morning. Everybody had been sitting up all night and seemed pleased to see me. I was very tired, but no one took much notice of me at first because my mamma was so ill. My mamma is very pretty and has pink cheeks. I like my papa, too, but not so much, and I don't care about his nose at all. My mamma says it is his only fault. On the whole I am quite pleased with both my parents. My papa says I have the right *bumps*, and that some day I shall be a clever man. I weigh about eleven pounds and am rather red and wrinkled. Still I am a nice child and give great satisfaction. I hope I shall see you soon, and remain

Your loving little nephew,  
RALPH WALDO STEWART."

"What a foolish boy you are!" said Tip's mistress, smiling divinely at her husband.

Tip crept a little nearer, and snuffed at the pink bundle. He tried hard to make the sniff appreciative, but he was misunderstood.

"Do take Tip away, Ralph," said Tip's mistress, who was fast becoming Tip's Mistress no longer, but the Baby's Mother. "He is frightening baby."

Tip did not wait to be sent. He crept away to his own bed in silence, his loyal little heart almost broken. His mistress had never spoken of him in that tone before. His big brown eyes had such a volume of pathos in them that the dark gentleman was touched, and spoke to him kindly. But Tip refused to be comforted. He stayed in the house all day long now, on the chance of getting some kind word or caress from the being he loved most in all the world. But the Baby's Mother was so absorbed in caressing her new treasure that she never gave a thought to Tip.

Some time after, Tip fell ill.

During his previous illness Tip's mistress had attended to him herself. She had sat up at nights with him and fed him at intervals with warm milk and brandy. Her beautiful eyes were quite inflamed with weeping over her pet, and the dark gentleman, who was not then her husband, had scolded her sharply for being so foolish over a dog, and they had had quite a little quarrel. But now Tip lay on his little bed alone and no one came near him. He moaned from time to time, and once he tried to drag himself as far as her room with a faint whine of distress and pain.

"Go away, Tip," said the Baby's Mother in an angry whisper. "Don't you know baby is asleep?"

Tip looked at the pink bundle and crept away again to his bed, where he lay shivering quietly all day. When the baby's father came home he stumbled over a little form on the stairs.

"Tip is very sick I am afraid Francesca," he said a little later, going into his wife's room.

"Is he dear? I don't suppose it is anything much. Look Ralph, did you ever see anything so cute as baby in his little nightgown?"

The dark gentleman smiled, but his manner was rather absent, and he soon went back to Tip, who lay on his bed trying not to moan. He tried to coax him to drink some warm milk but Tip turned from it and buried his hot little nose in his straw pillow.

Later on, in the middle of the night, Tip's mistress felt something cold and clammy against her hand, and heard a faint sigh in the darkness. She turned up the light. "Here is Tip again, Ralph. He is becoming quite a nuisance. Baby is in such a nice sleep."

She looked down suddenly. Tip was asleep too—his little faithful head drooping against the white hand in one last effort to lick it. He had gone to a world where it is to be hoped there are no pink bundles to disturb little dog's warm hearts—and break them.

"I don't think I need send him away this time Francesca," said the dark gentleman rather sternly. "He has gone too far to be re-called. Do you know I sometimes think his heart was broken. He was never the same after baby came. He felt that you did not love him so much."

"But how could I think of anything but my baby?" said the Baby's Mother, kissing the warm pink bundle.

The little shaggy form by the bed had had his epitaph spoken. It is the way of the world—of mothers.



## UNSPARING NATURE.

THAT tranquil dell, all leaf, and vine, and flower,  
Teeming with joy and life,  
To him who views it, seems to preach each hour  
'Gainst cruelty, wrong, and strife.

And yet—beneath those leaves and blossoms bright,  
Both strife and death are nigh;  
The hawk strikes down the swallow in its flight,  
The spider snares the fly.

No leaf that stirs, but has its tale of woe,  
No spot from death is free,  
Grim is the life 'neath that fair-seeming show;  
And dark the mystery!

REGINALD GOURLAY.

## THE BARKERS' SECOND HONEYMOON.

ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON.)

"**A**IR ye goin' in now, Ma?" called John Barker to his wife.

She had a tin pan in her arms with fat green pea-pods in it, and paused at the garden gate to answer. "Yes, I've got enough for a mess."

"I'll come an' shell 'em," he said, raising himself from his knees and ambling after her.

He was an old man, and he walked with the sore-footed totter that comes when old age follows upon years of heavy farm labor, and much tramping over rough ground.

This morning he had been weeding an onion patch. It was almost clear now, and he had the look of wishing to finish it in his eyes; but he followed his wife without hesitation. It was wonderfully comfortable in there on the broad piazza. He sat in the shade stripping the peas from their shells, the pan on his knees, and a basket beside him for the pods. He had tilted his hat back. His grey hair lay in long greasy strips on his brow. His practised hands were quite capable of working without his eyes over them, so he looked out upon the garden. Inside his wife passed to and from the pantry, into the kitchen, and through the dining room. They exchanged remarks each time she passed the open door.

"It takes consid'able wrestlin' to keep that garden up," he said upon one occasion.

"My sage bed wants tendin', an' the mint an' parsley's pretty weedy, an' the strawberry patch 'll heve to be fixed up, an' then it 'll be time to pick the fruit. Ef that girl's any good, she kin pick afternoons."

Mrs. Barker stood at the door as she spoke, pointing out the location of

the various bits of work, and her husband nodded.

"Goin' to be a shower, d'ye think?" he asked after a little. Them hens is croonin' and the barn swallers fly like rain."

"Bad for that girl's picnic ef it does," and Mrs. Barker stepped out and looked into the west. "They're in Gilees grove. She wuz wild to go, an' bein' it wuz her church picnic I couldn't refuse her."

"Hedn't ye better git dinner here in the kitchen?" the old man asked when he took the peas out.

"It allers happens, that the day I go mussin' on a corner of the kitchen table, there's comp'ny comes unlooked fer," she answered, with an air of believing in the theory of contraries.

The old man went back to his chair on the piazza, and presently his wife came too. She was fanning herself with her apron.

"It's queer how hot a person does git fussin' round the stove when you've got out o' the way of it. I've been lettin' that girl do things up to now, but I'll hev to git in trim 'fore the heft o' the fruit cannin' comes."

John nodded his approval.

"Who's that comin' up the lane?" his wife cried after a moment, "it's a young fellow—there t'other side of them pines. I'll go and get on my afternoon cap."

As the visitor approached, the old man rose from his chair to receive him, holding out his hand in welcome, yet questioning with his eyes.

"Yer one of Robert's grandboys, I'll be bound," he said.

The young man smiled and shook his head. "No, but I'm one of Daniel's, uncle John. You ought to re-

member me. I'm the Ted you fished out of the creek that sheep-wasing time."

The old man's face lit up. "I ought, that's a fact. Set down, Ted. But you see, Robert an' Dan'l, they both hed a quiver full—a dozen a piece, an' now they're growed up an' scattered I can't keep track of 'em."

"I don't wonder," and the grand nephew lifted his hat off, wiped his hot brow and, drawing a long breath of content, feasted his eyes on the kindly face of the old man, and the big old-fashioned garden.

"You're hot, boy. Hev a drink o' milk?" Without waiting for an answer, he went to get it, appearing with a white delf pitcher and a heavy old-time glass tumbler.

"How's aunt Mary?" asked Ted.

"She's well—run off to tog upsome." Here, you drink yer milk 'fore she comes out. I've got the comp'ny glass, but this aint one o' the comp'ny pitchers."

"Why it's Teddy," cried a thin voice, tremulous with pleasure, and Ted bent down to kiss the flushed face underneath the second best cap.

"We aint got much for dinner," Mrs. Barker said, as they sat down to the table, a little later. "It's that girl's church picnic to-day."

Ted expressed himself as wholly content with any dinner, if Aunt Mary had cooked it. Church picnic day was the one he would have chosen.

"Do you remember those pumpkin pies, Uncle John? I ate the one Aunt Mary meant for dinner, and began the one for tea, when I was discovered."

The old man and his wife laughed heartily.

"I remember that night you read the commandments at family worship, and when you came to 'Thou shalt not steal,' you looked straight at me, and I cried all through the prayer."

"You were such a little fellow then," the old aunt said softly, and then, "Hev some honey, do now, it's from our own skips."

Ted took some and became reminiscent again.

"I remember another time I ate too much honey, and Uncle John said greed was wickedness, so he read in Proverbs where it says, 'Hast thou found honey?' and—and the rest of it. By the way, Aunt Mary, I'm glad you keep a servant now. You used to have your hands full with the work and the boys and me, that summer I was here."

"Well, I hev to do most of the work as 'tis," Mrs. Barker replied, with the little perverseness which most mistresses allow themselves.

"Thet girl wuz interdoosed in our second honey-moon," her husband remarked, with the laborious accent of quotation on the last two words.

The nephew looked up puzzled.

"I'll hev to tell you about that, it's worth knowin'—afterdinner," he added with a wink, as his wife protested.

"You aint thinkin' o' gettin' married, I suppose, Teddie?"

"Well not—not immediately, Aunt Mary, responded Ted, for he was shy. The fact was, he was making this visit to ask the old couple to come to his wedding, and the invitations were to be issued the next week.

"Boys aint the same after they're married," sighed Mrs. Baker. "Seems 'sef the scriptures got added to—A man leaves his father an' mother an' cleaves to his wife, an' his wife's folks cleave to him."

"Tut, tut, ma, Artie an' Eddie air as good boys as could be."

"Yes, I know," she answered with a rising inflection, which intimated that she had only touched the fringe of the great question as she saw it; and then sensibly changing the conversation she asked her nephew would he have some more tea, or some more honey, to which he was, in the nature of things, obliged to say no.

"What's this second honeymoon, Uncle John," the young man asked, as they established themselves on the piazza again.

" Well, you see it's this way. When folks is married they're apt to settle down inter a jog trot, an' they get out o' the way o' settin' much store by each other. Lovin's like gatherin' manna. It's got to be tended to every day. The Lord knew them Israelites 'ud just go cannin down that manna an' dryin' an' saltin' it, an' forget where they got it, so he fixed it so's they'd couldn't, an' it went bad if they kep' it over. Seems to me 'sef some men folks think that when they got their wimmen settled inter homes where they've got to work from daylight to dark, they've done with bein' comfortin' an' lookin' after 'em. Well it ain't so, an' I found it out in a hard way. Yer Aunt Mary an' me pulled off more'n more, when the boys got up. She wanted to go to church mornin' an' I wanted to go nights. Well, she an' Artie went mornin's an' me an' Eddie hitched up an' went nights. I used to grumble some at the cold dinners she give us, fer we didn't have no hired girl then.

" When we'd come home in the summer nights there'd be Artie an' his ma sittin' on the stoop holdin' hands an' talkin' low 'bout what he wuz goin' to do, when he quit school.

" When the boys went to the city to learn their trades, we edged off more'n ever, an' sorrowed separate.

" Then I got a great notion that I wuz gettin' old an' hain't ought to work so hard, so I let the farm out on shares. Mary's only two years younger'n me, but she didn't say nothin' an' worked on. I favored myself a good deal, an' I let her do the chores that a man should tend to, fillin' the boiler, an' makin' fires an' feedin' the calf an' the hens an' milkin' the cow. But she never said a word. I've seen her face go hard once or twice, an' she'd hurry off quiet-like into the best room an' I knew she wuz lookin' at Eddie's and Archie's pictures an' wishin' her boys wuz home again.

" When I went to town I never said

hadn't she better come along too; I loafed round chattin' after I'd done up the things. Then when she wanted tea or sugar I'd buff up about bein' savin'. I guess I'd hev been meaner'n sin about clothes, but she never asked fer any.

" One mornin' she wuz too sick to get up, an' she kinder moaned while I was fixin' the fire an' things. She couldn't eat no breakfast she said, so I jest pieced an' went out to milk. While I wuz out she'd got up to make some tea for herself an' fell over an' cut her head. I run out to the road an' caught the Hay children goin' to school an' they told the Doctor to come. He looked at her an' then at me, an' sez he, ' You go an' fetch the nurse.' There wasn't but one about—Mrs. Skinner, an' she wuz mostly sent fer when folks wuz give up, an' fer funerals, so I knew yer Aunt Mary wuz pretty sick. It made me feel queer. I wuz goin' to feed the cattle twice that mornin', an' when I got up to the feed bin, I stood an' wondered what I'd come fer.

" ' What's the matter with her Doctor? ' sez I, before he went away.

" ' Can't say yet,' sez he. They're dreadful scared they'll make a mistake by talkin'. Mistakes in dosin', ain't so apt to get out.

" ' Pretty bad ain't she, but she'll git better, won't she,' I kep' coaxin'.

" ' I don't know Barker, I don't know,' sez he dreary-like, an' I felt somethin' tuggin' at my heart in a place that hadn't been pulled fer years.

" I marched straight into the house an' sez I to Mrs. Skinner, ' What can I do? '

" ' Keep quiet,' sez she. She's a bossy woman by nature, an' nursin' 's fetched it out more. ' Aint it queer how them nurses do rule, an' how we let 'em. Then she wuz keekin' inter the bureau drawers an' the clothes press, an' pretty soon sez she ' Where does yer wife keep her night gowns. I've ast her, but she's gone delirious an' can't sense what I say.'

"Her white things wuz all in the middle drawer an' I said so.

"Well, then, there's precious few of 'em," she snapped out, and she looked again.

"Mebbe that's one out there on the line," I said, pointin' for some their white wuz flyin' in the wind.

"D'y'e suppose there's only two," sez she, an' she did look me up an' down.

"I hadn't thought of it that way, an' I looked over at yer Aunt Mary. Her face wuz all red as fire an' she turned over an' sort o' moaned.

"It wuz three weeks she wuz sick, an' I got to lovin' her so much an' bein' so scared she'd die an' never find it out, that I wuz most crazy. We hed to take turns settin' with her, so I got a hired girl to do the work. The boys come up when the turnin' point came, and when it had gone by, an' she wuz sleepin' like a baby all quiet and peaceful, and the Doctor said she'd git better, I jest knelt down beside her. I wasn't prayin' fer nothin' there wuz to say seemed to be worth while.

"Good-bye," sez Artie, when he wuz goin' away, "you'll soon be up an' around."

"And then I heard his Ma say 'Yes,' an' then sort o' proud like 'yer pa is so good to me.'

"That went through me. I hed chills up my back bone an' I went right in an' sez I, 'Look here Mary, let's hev a second honeymoon. We'll let on we're young, an' be happy here together ef we are old folks.' She looked up 'sef she couldn't make me out, an' then she smiled, an' I kissed her, an' our eyes wuz all wet."

"What's all this about," cried Mrs. Barker, coming to the door.

"I wuz advisin' Ted about gettin' married," and the old man's blue grey eyes twinkled up into his wife's brown ones.

The bees droned and tumbled from the big cabbage roses. The portulacea that had invaded the garden walks, folded its petals yet closer from the afternoon sun. The air was soft and resinous as it caame westward through the pines, beneath whose shadow the collies lay asleep.

Ted and his Aunt talked of the harvest coming on, of Teenie and Lily, his lately married sisters, and of the big new railway beyond the orchard there.

John Barker slid lower and lower into his arm chair, then his head dropped back and he snored.

"You're pretty comfortable here now, you and Uncle," Ted ventured. His Aunt's eyes softened and darkened. "Yes," she assented, and then, "some folks hev got sense enough on both sides to keep their first honeymoon goin'. Some ain't, an' it's well fer them there's second ones. It's an awful thing when the pa an' ma get hinched off. When the children's round it ain't quite so bad. But they most grow up an' get married an' go off, an' then the old folks ain't even got each other left."

"But if people really love each other Aunt Mary, how can they feel like that?"

The old woman looked sharply at him, and Ted knew his secret had leaked out through his eyes and the tones of his puzzled voice.



## "DE HALF PAS' TWO HOSS."

CLIFFORD SMITH,

*Author of "A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories," etc.*

THE reasons given by a coachman for leaving a situation are not generally worthy of being repeated; but I think the quaint ones given by my French-Canadian coachman, Baptiste Filteau, will bear perusal.

Baptiste was a typical French-Canadian, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, rugged, and impulsive. He had been in my employ for two years, and I was under the impression that he was perfectly contented; but this fallacy was suddenly dispelled a few days ago, on my entering the coach-house, by his saying to me: "I want for leave just so soon I can, Mr. Watson."

In some surprise I asked him why he wished to leave me.

He moved his feet uneasily, looked past me out into the yard, colored under his swarthy skin, and finally said, evasively: "I—I not want for leave for someting dat not please me here; for dis is de bes' place I never work in before, sir."

Having no particular interest in the matter, I replied that I hoped he would do well, and that I should be glad to give him a good character.

This reply added to Baptiste's rapidly-increasing nervousness, and as I was about to leave, a few minutes later, he blurted out: "I would lak to tell you for what I leave, sir, for I no lak you for tink dat I am not be sorry to leave, after you have been so kine to me for over two year."

Recognizing the spirit in which the words were spoken, and having always taken an interest in Baptiste, who had been a most faithful servant, I told him that I should be glad to listen.

"Well, sir, it is dis way," he began, as he flushed up again, "for long time

now I be keep company wit Canadian girl—who has come from Montreal to States lak I do—and who I tink she is going to marry me when I ax her. I tink dat because, as I say, I be keep de company wit her for long time, and because too I tak her out for many drive in rig dat I hire in de livery stable.

"Everyting is go all right wit her and me till about five week ago, when I meet on de street one day Gustave Bolduc, from Montreal, whose fadder die about a year ago and leave him plenty much money. I be glad of course for see Bolduc, and we shak hand and mak plenty talk about Canada. When I see too how Bolduc he be so glad for see me, I start to work and tell him about Mamselle Trudeau-er-er—dat what her name is, sir. When I get finish to tell him what kine of fine figure dat Mamselle Trudeau she got, and kine of face dat mak everybody turn roun' and look at her when she be walk on de street wit me, and tell him too dat I expec' for ax her for marry me, he look at me wit' big eyes and say: 'You lucky fellow Baptiste for get gal lak dat, and I must come for see her wit' you some night.'

"I feel plenty pride at dat, and I just say straight off to Bolduc dat he can come for see her jus' so soon he lak. We shak de hand once more, and den Bolduc he go away.

"Well, jus' two tree night after dat, I tak Bolduc wit' me for see dat Mamselle Trudeau—and dat is where I mak de mistak. Just so soon he see her, he talk, and talk, and talk to her jus' de same lak I am not be dare at all; I hardly get chance for say tree word,

And just so soon we leave de house, Bolduc say : 'By gosh, Baptiste, dat is fine gal you got for sure.' Dat mak me feel in good temper again ; but one ting I fine queer is dat Bolduc he say many time : 'So Mamselle Trudeau is very fond for drive wit' de fas' hoss too, eh ?'

"As I know she not care cent for hoss dat not go lak de win', I tell him dat. Den he rub his hand, strak me on de shoulder, and say : 'Dat is jus' de kine of gal to have, Baptiste.'

"De nex' evening I take Mamselle Trudeau out for drive wit' hoss dat I know what she can do, and just when I get to stretch of road dat is good place for go quick, I hear some rig come along behine. Mamselle she hear it too, and den say to me—lak she say many time before—'If dey try for pass, Baptiste, put on de speed, and we show dem who has got de bes' hoss.'

"I jus' look at Mamselle, laugh a little bit, and say : 'Don't be afraid for anybody for pass dis hoss when I be drive.' Soon I hear dat rig dat be behine come nearer, and den I give de hoss a touch wit' de whip ; den she shoot out de legs jus' so quick dey can hardly be see ; den we get over de groun'. When I drive lak dat for about two minute, I be surprise for hear dat rig behine me jus' some more closed an before. Mamselle she not lak dat and shout to me : 'If you can't go fas' dan dat, we going for get lef' dis time sure.'

"Dat make my blood come up, and I put de whip on de hoss pretty strong, so dat she break into de gallop—I feel sure now dat de rig behine she get lef'. Hardly am I tink dat when I hear big rattle of wheel, see dus' fly, and dare ahead was dat hoss and rig, dat has pass me on de steady trot.

"As I put my teeth togedder and pull in de hoss, I look sideway at de face of Mamselle Trudeau—it don't be glad at all. Jus' den somebody laugh and shout : 'Dat's be pretty good hoss you got, Baptiste !'

"I look up quick, and dare I see

Gustave Bolduc, and see dat he is de man dat has pass me. As he slow up I mak myself look glad and call out : 'Hello, Bolduc, dat you ?' I look again den at de face of Mamselle Trudeau, and it is so mad dat I fine it pretty hard for keep de smile on my face.

"Bolduc he now be drive on de side where sit Mamselle Trudeau, and he speak to her, jus' de same lak he do in de house—all de time. I tink of course dat Bolduc he drive abres' wit' us only for little way ; but dat be mistak, for he drive on and on till I be so mad I can hit him wit' de whip. What he talk to Mamselle Trudeau about is fas' hoss, and kine of hoss dat can pass everything on de road. All of sudden I hear him mak de voice low and ax her how she lak for tak drive wit' hoss dat can trot de mile in—in—in—"

The orator halted, and with a perplexed look on his face said : "Oh, what you call dat in English ? de hoss dat can trot de mile in—in—"

"Trot a mile in three or four minutes ?" I hazarded.

"No, no, not dat," he answered in a still more perplexed tone. I looked at him silently. Suddenly his face lit up, and he went on : "Ah, oui, oui ! de hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas' two, dat is what he ax her. And Mamselle say—"

Much as I disliked to interrupt this flow of eloquence, I had to do so, in order to intelligently follow the thread of the discourse. "A horse that can trot a mile in half past two, Baptiste ?" I queried.

"Yes, sir, dat means—means—why dat means just what I am say, a hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas' two."

As he saw no signs of enlightenment on my countenance, he stood and looked at me with a look of mingled impatience and perplexity. Suddenly his meaning flashed over me, and despite all my efforts not to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by any exhibition of levity, I gave way to an amused fit of laughter. His "half pas' two" meant

a horse that could trot a mile in two thirty (2.30). With his limited knowledge of English the mistake was a very natural one for him to have fallen into. With the greatest of care I tried to explain to him the different meaning of the term when applied to time made by horses; but my explanations were all in vain; he shrugged his shoulders in true French-Canadian fashion, and said, with a shade of skepticism: I not see, sir, some difference between two thirty and half pas two; de time is all de same."

I made no response and he went on with his story: "When I hear Bolduc ax Mamselle Trudeau dat about how she lak to tak drive wit' hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas'—er—er two thirty (correcting himself hurriedly) I catch him at de same time look at her wit' de corner of de eye and mak little laugh too. Mamselle she don't say someting to dat, but she look at him wit de corner of de eye and also mak little laugh—dat she not tink I be hear—but I do. Bolduc he look at me jus' den, and when he see what kine of way I look, he raise de hat high in de air to Mamselle Trudeau, mak big bow near to de dash board, and away he go wit' de chin in de air jus' de same lak man who own de whole States.

"All de way back Mamselle she not talk about something but dose kine of hoss dat can pass everyting on de road and dat can trot mile in half pas' two (I mean two thirty). She mak much laugh too at kine of hoss lak I drive—and which has got fine tail which hang down to de groun'. One laugh dat she mak is by ax me if I not tink my hoss she go faster if she has not got so much rudder behine for pull her back. I not say notting to all dis for I am too mad. But when she begin for talk about fas' horse some more, and about kine of hoss jus' lak Bolduc drive, I say to her, jus' so mad I can be: 'Oh you not so much crazy after dat hoss as you are crazy after de man dat drive it.'

"I tink of course (as I be go wit

her for long time), dat she get mad at dis sure, but she don't; she only laugh and say. 'Why what good man you are for guess Bolduc.'

"Dat settles it, and I mak up my mine what for do—when I tak her home I not go for see her for tree day. Den I tink dat I act lak fool and get bes' hoss I can and go for tak her out for drive again—jus' for mak friend some more. When I get wit de hoss near de street where she live I mak her go fas', and jus' when I turn de corner I nearly run into anudder rig dat is coming fas' too, and hear man shout out, 'Look out dare, can't you see where you going wit dat nag.' De voice is dat of Gustave Bolduc, de man who preten' for be my frien' and at his side is Mamselle Trudeau! De reins fall out my hand when I see all dis.

"When Gustave see dat is me, he is cool jus' same lak it is notting at all, and he call out, as he drive on, 'By gosh Baptiste you had close shave dat time for not get dat fine trotter hoss you got run over and kill.'

"I go straight back home and de nex' night I go early for see Mamselle Trudeau, for mak everyting right jus' de same lak before. When I tell her what for I come she shak de head and say dare is notting for mak all right, for she be content. Well I talk for long time to her for mak her not be mad at me some more; but it do no good, and at las' she tell me dat she is never go out drive wit me again. I feel so bad den dat I not know what I say for two tree minute; but I not forget what she say when I finish. She turn on me, wit de eyes dat flash lak de fire, and say, 'I want you for know Baptiste Filteau dat I not want any fellow dat drive a hoss dat can hardly walk and dat get pass on de road, and which is nearly run over and kill, by fine fellow dat drive hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas' two.' Den she leave de room.

"Now sir you knowde reason I want go straight off to Montreal; for it be

too much for see her drive out, all de time, wit dat traitor man Gustave Bolduc."

It was all in vain that I pointed out to the unhappy lover that he

should consider himself fortunate in not having won such a heartless girl—the poor fellow took the train for Montreal the very next morning.

## THE USE OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

WE are apt to base our prejudices against corporal punishment upon the records of the British navy, mediaeval prisons, and the slave states of America, with the result that a wholly unwarranted sentiment prevents anything like a judicial consideration of the best methods of dealing with offenders against the law in our own day. There seems to be a settled conviction that it is a perfectly wholesome thing—at all events a necessary thing—to have the rod freely used upon the children who attend our schools; but society shrinks from administering similar treatment to the most brutal of men. Now, after long and careful examination into every phase of the question, I have no hesitation in saying that the common good would be better served by a reversal of the prevailing order in this regard. I would abolish corporal punishment from schools, and would make it applicable to a wide range of offences now punishable by fines and imprisonment.

It must be apparent to every thoughtful person who gives attention to the matter, that in a great many instances the punishment imposed by our magistrates and judges fall lamentably short of fitting the crime. I take higher ground, and say that it often affords only a feeble protection to society, and nearly always fails to exercise a reformative influence upon the culprit. With one or two exceptions, the judge is limited to a commit-

ment to prison or a fine. The result of this is to frequently throw the actual punishment upon some innocent person, and to make the offender a more serious menace to society than before. Let me give an illustration from actual observation, that will serve at once to bring into view a certain type of offenders, and expose the inadequacy of the law to deal with him. A refined gentleman, the manager of a bank in Ottawa, was one day the witness of a cabman's brutal treatment of his horse. The poor animal was being driven up and down the street at a gallop, and all the time being fearfully whipped for no apparent reason than to gratify the furious temper of its owner. My friend followed up the cabman, and asked him in a kind way not to ill-use his horse any further. The result was that this humane gentleman was ferociously assaulted leaving him very painfully injured, but by a sheer miracle he was not blinded for life. Next day this big, hulking hackman was fined \$20, the Magistrate explaining that his only alternative was to send him to prison for a month. The real sufferers from this punishment were the man's family, and it would also have been the case under a sentence of imprisonment. He had previously assaulted many unoffending citizens, and bore the reputation of having an ungovernable temper. He had paid numerous fines. Now, that fellow should have been whipped, as the surest means of

teaching him that the infliction of pain and suffering upon others was reactionary. The imposition of fines had not served to restrain him from violence, nor would a term in jail have aroused him to a proper sense of his relations to society. His brutality had caused a long train of sorrow to others, simply because the existing law did not provide the means of making him feel the direct and personal consequences of his misdeeds.

The case just referred to is in no sense unique. In every community there are men of the lowest instincts and habits, who beat their wives, ill use their children, assault citizens, torture dumb animals and terrify sensitive women. In their broils with each other, they cut and bite and maim. The pain they inflict, by violence and filthy conversation, is dealt with under the law in precisely the same way as trespass, or the breach of a by-law. In nine cases out of ten, an industrious father or a poor wife, are the real victims. Why, I ask, should a mere sentiment stand between these men and a method of punishment which would be a safeguard to society and a hopeful cause of reformation?

We sanction the lashing of a man who indecently assaults a child or a woman; but we ask the law to spare his feelings if he gouges out her eye. The discrimination is indefensible.

I am quite sure that men and women in general condemn the use of the whip because of its dark and bloody history. They associate it with torture; with the thumb screw and rack. They assume that the subject must be tied to a triangle and flogged with an instrument that leaves his back bleeding and scarred, while his shrieks for mercy fall upon the deaf ears of a brawny armed executioner. Such a picture did unhappily apply to days gone by; but it need have no application in our time. I have seen the lash applied in Canada and have made inquiry at all the penitentiaries; and it may be said that not a drop of blood

has been drawn. The culprit simply receives a smart whipping, which is never brutal and nearly always effective. The man who had beaten his wife into insensibility would not be apt to put himself in the way of a second castigation. It reaches into his feelings; it makes him think; it changes his notions about right and wrong. The burglar who entered a dwelling, caring nothing whether he wrecked some nervous woman's health for life, would find it a thing more to be avoided than a term in prison. If therefore, in cases of assault, extreme cruelty, wife beating, robbery with violence, housebreaking, obscenity and kindred offences, the magistrate or judge were to have the option of imposing a whipping, I am convinced it would be the part of wisdom. It should not be imperative, but discretionary.

It is, however, in the treatment of juvenile offenders that I would look for the best result from corporal punishment. Several years ago I communicated with a large number of judges, magistrates, chiefs of police, chaplains of prisons and others having to do with the administration of the law, asking each several specific questions in relation to first offences by boys. They were unanimous on two points: first, that the system in vogue under our Canadian law was most unsatisfactory, and second, that the judicious and humane use of the birch was in every way commendable. It was my privilege to be police reporter on a large daily paper for some years, and I always regarded the imprisonment of boys as the very best means of confirming them in wrongdoing. Domestic treatment should at all events, be tried before the jail or the reformatory. It has been most effective in England, and among the "larrkins" of Australia it has wrought a revolution. There need be no flogging with its degrading history. What is wanted, is simply the birch rod, or the leather strap used under the spanking

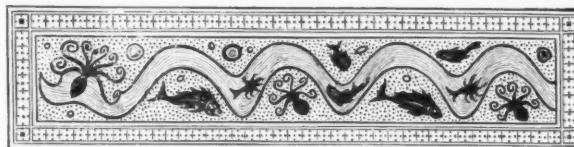
system of Elmira—the largest and most successful reformative institution in the world. Respecting this latter method, the Board of managers report:—

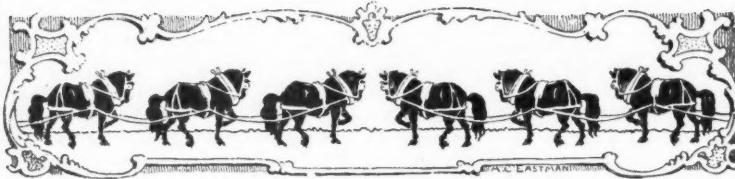
"The spanking treatment, if wisely used, neither tends to physical degeneration nor has it in any instance contributed to a sense of moral degradation or hurtful self depreciation. On the contrary, the records are replete with instances when a trifling spanking has initiated a course of improved conduct and better character growth, wonderfully like what is ordinarily termed moral regeneration. Many young men, now useful and prosperous citizens, can date their first observable upward progress from the time when they were thus arrested and their activities turned into new channels."

This is a most important testimony. There are scores of bright, but saucy and wilfully wayward Canadian boys, who are annually helped on the road to ruin by the treatment accorded to them under the law as it stands. This is most deplorable. No sickly sentiment should be allowed to stand between these youths and the best means of saving them. What does all this agitation for the curfew bell mean, if it does not indicate the weakening of domestic control on boys and an increase of juvenile lawlessness?

The matter calls for the most serious consideration of our law makers, who ought to heed the best judgment of every chief of police and every magistrate in the land, in favor of domestic treatment as a means towards arresting the downward career of bad boys.

One point more and I am done. I would like to see the whip tried as a substitute for the gold cure. There is altogether too general a tendency to regard excessive drinking as a disease. Under high sounding Latin names, a great deal is covered up that is pure vice. There is a stage of the alcohol habit when the brain becomes impaired, and there is such a thing as an almost irresistible hereditary craving for stimulation. For such victims there should be an asylum. But nine-tenths of all the drinking that goes on in our day, in circles high or low, is the result of sheer and unadulterated depravity. And in many persons that depravity could be controlled if it involved an ascending scale of physical discomfort. At present the poor wife and children are the sole sufferers. Friends suffer, and society at large is hurt; but the man who drinks, because he deliberately chooses it as a form of vice, realizes no direct penalty. Indifferent to criticism, I say he should be whipped. I am not a total abstainer, but I try to have healthy views about drunkenness.





## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

### BI-METALLISM

SO much has been written and so much been said about bi-metallism and "free silver," and so great is the interest in these questions, that one is tempted to discuss them to the exclusion of all others. Newspaper comments on these subjects have been more redolent of invective than of facts and arguments. This might have been expected when it is considered that economics is a comparatively recent science and has not yet attained to its proper position in our educational curriculums.

Jevons enumerates as the necessary properties of money : -1. Utility and value ; 2. portability ; 3. indestructibility ; 4. homogeneity ; 5. divisibility ; 6. stability of value ; 7. cognizability. The great question which is now engrossing the attention of the world is : "Has gold sufficient stability of value to make it a perfect money?" On this property Jevons says\* : "It is evidently desirable that the currency should not be subject to fluctuations of value . . . People do employ money as a standard of value for long contracts. . . Hence every change in the value of money does some injury to society. . . The whole incitement to industry and commerce, and the accumulation of capital depends upon the expectation of enjoyment thence arising, and every variation of the currency tends in some degree to frustrate such expectation and to lessen motives for exertion."

The question as to whether gold has, since the demonetization of silver in 1873, so varied in value as to injure society, is

a difficult one to answer. Professor Francis A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Boston, and Lecturer in Political Economy in Johns Hopkins, evidently believes that gold has varied, for he says, in the August *National Review* : "We know that there is a better money than a money of gold alone. It is furnished by the two metals joined in the money-function, as under the French law of 1803. . . Such a money would be a better money, because it would be a sounder money, being according to its very description, more widely based. It would be a more honest money, to use the favorite phrase of my country, because its value-variations would, according to the admission of every economist worth quoting on such a subject, be less than the value-variations of mono-metallic money."

The *Boston Herald*, an anti-sixteen-to-one paper, says that, "in both parties the great mass of the sound money men are international bi-metallists." This is only one of the many evidences that most thinking men in America believe that bimetalism is the ideal system and that gold has varied in value too much to be an ideal standard.

Let me again quote Jevons on the effect of the double standard : "Imagine two reservoirs of water, each subject to independent variations of supply and demand. In the absence of any connecting link the level of the water in each reservoir will be subject to its own fluctuations only. But if we open a connection, the water in both will assume a certain mean level, and the effects of any excessive supply or demand will be distributed over the whole area of both reservoirs. The mass of the

\**Money and the Mechanism of Exchange*, by W. Stanley Jevons, M.A.F.R.S.

metals, gold and silver, circulating in Western Europe in late years, is exactly represented by the water in these reservoirs, and the connecting pipe is the law of the 7th Germinal, an xi., which enables one metal to take the place of the other as an unlimited legal tender."

According to leading economists if you have a bi-metallic standard, prices of commodities will not follow the extreme fluctuations of both metals. The standard of value follows the metal that falls. If gold rises prices will follow silver; if silver rises prices will follow gold. Thus prices will fluctuate, but they will not fluctuate to so great an extent under bi-metallism as under mono-metallism. As Jevons says: "At any moment the standard of value is doubtless one metal or the other, and not both; yet the fact that there is an alteration tends to make each vary much less than it otherwise would." Hence prices will vary less.

Is this theory borne out by actual facts? The law of 1803 (7th Germinal, an xi.) referred to above, established in France a ratio of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, and was maintained up to 1874. During the greater portion of this period of seventy-one years France stood alone, although from 1865 to 1874 she was assisted by Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Greece and Roumania. The study of prices during this period show that silver and gold kept comparatively close to each other in value, a result traceable only to the boldness of France in maintaining bi metallism. Yet we find the production of each metal varied very much and great variations in value might have been expected. Thus

	Gold.	Silver.
1800-1820	- -	$2\frac{2}{3} : 8$
1820-1840	- -	$4 : 8$
1840-1850	- -	$8 : 8$
1850-1860	- -	$28 : 8$
1860-1870	- -	$20 : 8$

In addition, we find that since the demonetization of silver in France and the United States silver has declined very much in price.

This is perhaps not enough evidence to show that the facts bear out the theory under discussion, viz.: that prices of metals and other commodities vary less under bimetallism than under monometallism,

but it has been sufficient to convince many thinking men. The double-standard seems to be the ideal one in the minds of those thinkers to whom the world looks for guidance.

The best definition of this ideal bimetallism is the one given in the final report of the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver: "A bi-metallic system of currency to be completely effectual must, in the view of those who advocate it, include two essential features: (a) An open mint ready to coin any quantity of either gold or silver which may be brought to it. (b) The right on the part of a debtor to discharge his liabilities, at his option, in either of the two metals, at a ratio fixed by law."

Bi metallism implies "free gold" and "free silver," i.e., the holder of gold or of silver bullion may take it to the mint and there have it coined free of charge or subject only to a charge which is too insignificant to be important. The coins thus made must be of a certain weight and fineness and here is where the Government must come in and declare what shall be the ratio between these two metals.

The Democratic party in the United States has declared for sixteen to one, but unfortunately they have been able to show no sufficient reason why they have chosen this ratio. It was once the proportion adopted by their Government, but that does not prove anything. During the past few years country after country has adopted the gold standard and silver has become cheapened. New processes of mining may have cheapened silver more than they have cheapened gold. The demand for silver in the arts may have decreased in proportion to its yearly production more than the demand for gold. "Sixteen to one" is a cry, and before the United States adopts the principle implied in it, a commission of their leading men should investigate its applicability to new and present conditions.

Theoretical bi-metallists and the Silver Democrats differ in two respects. The former believe in international action, the latter in national action; second, the former believe that the ratio between the two metals must be determined by scientific analysis of the markets and of economic conditions, while the latter desire

to restore the ratio of which their grandfathers approved.

However, even if the Silver Democrats carry the elections in the United States, it is not a foregone conclusion they will establish free silver, and a ratio of sixteen to one. Their present fanaticism will quickly die out when once the election fever shall have passed away. After that we may expect to see a scholarly and business-like consideration of the subject.

Professor Walker, in the article referred to previously, says: "Were the city of London to give its consent, bi-metallism might at once be established on a broad and enduring basis. Of all the vast expanse of the globe, one square mile alone blocks the way to the adoption of a world's money as wide as the world's trade. The veto of this city rests upon a monetary policy which has approved itself by long and beneficial operation; a monetary policy, the economic validity and practical efficiency of which have been admitted with absolute unanimity by the most distinguished Commission, which, since the great inquest on the Bank Charter fifty and sixty years ago, has been assembled in this country; a monetary policy which the nations of the earth never needed as greatly as to-day."

If England would adopt bi-metallism, France would be delighted to uphold her, and Germany stands ready to follow promptly. Holland, Belgium, Italy and the United States are anxious for it. On the other hand, Norway, Sweden, Portugal and Turkey might possibly hold to their present gold standard. International bi-metallism is a most difficult system to establish, and it is one of the tasks which the civilization of the nineteenth century will bequeath to the intelligence of the twentieth.

#### LORD RUSSELL.

Lord Russell, Chief Justice of England, has been visiting America. In an address on "International Arbitration" before the American Bar Association he said:

"In our own times the desire has spread and grown strong for peaceful methods for the settlement of international disputes. The reason lies on the surface. Men and nations are more enlightened; the grievous burthen of military arma-

ments is sorely felt, and in these days when, broadly speaking, the people are enthroned, their views find free and forcible expression in a world-wide press. The movement has been taken up by societies of thoughtful and learned men in many places.

"It seemed eminently desirable that there should be some agency, by which members of the great representative and legislative bodies of the world, interested in this far-reaching question, should meet on a common ground and discuss the basis for common action.

"The question next arises, what ought to be the constitution of the tribunal of arbitration? It is to be a tribunal *ad hoc*, or is it to be a permanent international tribunal?

"It may be enough to say that at this stage the question of the constitution of a permanent tribunal is not ripe for practical discussion, nor will it be until the majority of the Great Powers have given their adhesion to the principle. But whatever may be said for vesting the authority in such Powers to select the arbitrators, from time to time, as occasion may arise, I doubt whether in any case a permanent tribunal, the members of which shall be *a priori* designated, is practicable or desirable. In the first place, the character of the best tribunal must largely depend upon the question to be arbitrated. But apart from this, I gravely doubt the wisdom of giving that character of permanence to the personnel of any such tribunal. The interests involved are commonly so enormous and the forces of national sympathy, pride and prejudice are so searching, so great and so subtle that I doubt whether a tribunal, the membership of which had a character of permanence, even if solely composed of men accustomed to exercise the judicial faculty, would long retain general confidence, and, I fear, it might gradually assume intolerable pretensions."

#### JOHN CABOT.

"The Discovery of America by John Cabot in 1497," is the title of a pamphlet containing extracts from the proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada relative to this subject, and containing also "The Voyages of the Cabots" by Dr. S. E. Dawson. In May, 1895, a committee was

appointed to consider plans for celebrating the 800th anniversary of the discovery of the mainland of America. The Committee reported in May of this year, and was continued with the duty of arranging for the meeting of the Royal Society in Halifax next year, when this great event will be celebrated. The Archbishop of Halifax, J. G. Bourinot, Sanford Fleming and Dr. Dawson are a committee to obtain designs for a monument to be erected at Sydney next year if possible. It is to be hoped this plan will be carried out. So nearly as can be ascertained, Cabot landed first on the easternmost cape of Cape Breton, and hence it is fitting that in Cape Breton, the monument to commemorate the event, shall be erected. "Sydney is the easternmost settlement," says the committee "of any importance on the continent of America, and may, therefore, rightly claim the monument to Cabot."

In his paper, Dr. Dawson shows fairly conclusively that 'the pleasant and temperate climate' of Cabot could only be Cape Breton, judging from the maps and information which can be obtained. Labrador and Newfoundland have certain plausible claims, but the learned writer shows where each of these claims fail. It is shown "by the whole sequence of maps, that Cape Breton was a persistent and continuous name on the maps from the earliest times, and that it was always attended by an island of St. John, which was always on the Atlantic coast in close proximity. The island itself is on Pedro Reinel's map of 1505, and it was of a unique triangular shape, corresponding to that of Scatari Island near Cape Breton."

Dr. Dawson also explains very clearly, the relative positions of Cartier and Cabot as explorers, showing that each was a discoverer and that neither's need of praise need be restricted by the praise of the other.

The maps and notes in this little volume are exceedingly valuable and decidedly interesting. Canada needs more disinterested students of her early history, although those she now possesses are performing a work, the value of which is not easily estimated. Future students of American history will rise up and call them blessed.

## THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.

During the past few weeks, millions of eastern Canadian capital have been invested in British Columbia mining stock. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed from Vancouver to Montreal, a British Columbia boom was expected—but it did not come. In fact, it has taken nearly ten years to create the proper feeling and to spread the information which has resulted in a rush of capital and population into Canada's richest province.

But one thing more is needed to fulfil the conditions pre-requisite to the success and thorough development of the British Columbia mines, and that is a railway that will tap the Kootenay district from the east. A railway through the Crow's Nest Pass has been proposed, and the matter has been pressed upon the attention of both the Dominion and the British Columbia Governments. This railway would take out the minerals and bring in coke and coal from the Northwest coal mines, and food for the inhabitants of the Kootenay district. This road would be an extension westward of the road already constructed between Medicine Hat and McLeod. If this could be accomplished, one of the richest districts in Canada would be thoroughly opened for settlement.

Strange as it may seem, it is Canadian and United States capital that is flowing in for British Columbia mining development. Usually the great need of Canada has been stated to be "Lack of European capital," but now when opportunity for profitable investment has arisen, it is discovered that there is plenty of capital in eastern Canada and New York to absorb all promising stock. Toronto and Montreal capitalists have, during the past two months, bought nearly five million dollars worth of British Columbia mining stocks, paying therefor about a million dollars in cash. This is surely a proof that Canadians would develop their own country, if somebody could convince them that it would be a safe investment.

All Canadians are watching British Columbia. If the recent investments turn out well, then every other province in the Dominion—except poor, old, mediaeval Quebec—would have its boom. In fact let it be reverently said—Canada might

arouse itself from its commercial and industrial slumber.

#### CANADIAN POLITICS.

Nothing startling has been developed in Canadian politics during the past month. The Laurier Ministry have all been to their constituencies for re-election. One or two of them had hard fights but this served only to brighten the glory of their return from their constituencies to their departments. Defeat was neither expected nor realized.

A summer session of Parliament has begun. The Speech from the Throne was very brief and stated that the only important business to be brought before Parliament would be the passing of the estimates. There was also a declaration that the Government hoped to bring about a friendly settlement of the Manitoba School Question—but this has been regarded as premature and as being intended mainly to help ministers in their bye-elections, and to give the Government time to continue negotiations with the Manitoba authorities.

So far, people have found little fault with the new Government, and it has given promise of being strictly economical. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, and be consistent with its declarations as an Opposition. There are many serious questions ahead of it, however, and should it succeed in guiding the Canoe of State down the rapids and into clear weather without running on some of the sharp-pointed rocks along the route, Mr. Laurier will have proved himself an expert bladesman.

#### CANADA'S YACHT WINS.

An international yacht race was, some time ago, arranged between the *Venedor* owned by E. C. Berriman of the Lincoln Park Club, Chicago, and the *Canada* owned by a syndicate of members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto. The contest was for the championship of the great lakes, a Challenge Cup valued at \$500 and a \$1,500 cash prize, offered by the citizens of Toledo, Ohio.

In both countries, great interest was manifested in the race, which was to be the best two in three over a triangular 24-mile course, off Toledo. The first race

was declared off because not completed within the time limit of five and a half hours. On the second day the *Canada* in a light breeze, covered the course in 5 hrs. 19 min. 8 sec., beating the *Venedor* 17 min. 59 sec., or with her time allowance of 4 min. 45 sec., she won by 22 min. 44 sec. On third day the breeze was very strong, exceeding at times 25 miles an hour, and the *Venedor* made better time. But the *Canada* still seemed to be superior, and won by the narrow margin of 26 seconds. Thus the championship fell to Canada in two straight heats.

After the fizzle of an International Yacht Race off New York, last year, it is pleasant to note the friendly manner in which this contest was undertaken and carried out. The United States yachtsmen proved themselves to be true sportsmen, and as such took their defeat with good grace. They have elevated themselves in the estimation of the Canadian people who—may we say it ourselves?—are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of true sport. It is to be hoped that this event will be a yearly one, and that such evidences of fraternity and good-will may always exist between the two English-speaking nations of North America.

#### A POTENT LITERARY FACTOR.

Every once in a while, says the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, there comes to me from one of my readers a letter in which the writer decries the advertisements published in this magazine. It is either that my correspondent thinks we have too many advertisements, or that they are not properly placed. Then, almost invariably, comes the suggestion that this magazine shall stand alone among its contemporaries, and publish a periodical which shall exclude all advertisements, printing only the literary portions and the illustrations. Such a suggestion sounds well, and in a sense, is attractive. But suppose this or any other magazine were to publish a number without advertisements, does any one fancy for a moment that the issue would be more attractive because of the omission? I am quite sure that it would not. The art of advertising has grown to such a point of excellence during the past few years that it has become almost a science. I am certain the

magazines of to day would lose a third of their attractiveness if they were issued barren of advertisements.

The advertisement, too, has become a literary factor, and this is the point which has escaped the readers of magazines. Without the rapid growth of the art of advertising, and the substantial growth of income which such progress means, our magazines could not possibly be made what they are to-day. At the low price for which the majority of our periodicals are sold to-day no profit whatever ensues from that source. This is an important point which the reader who cavils at the advertisement overlooks. Or, it may be, that he is not aware of it. But the fact remains, however, that his magazine is what it is because of the advertisements contained within it. It is for this reason that every reader of a periodical should approve of, rather than oppose, the advertisement. And the reader's support of the magazine's advertisements means a direct return to him. If the reader patronizes the advertisers of the magazine which he reads he necessarily helps to make the advertisements in that periodical profitable, and naturally the advertiser is willing to continue to announce his wares in that particular magazine. This adds to the income of the periodical, and enables the owners of it to enter into larger and better literary and artistic undertakings. Thus, not alone does the reader benefit the advertiser and the magazine, but he indirectly benefits himself. His money returns to him two-fold: in the article which he purchases and in the better magazine which he helps to make possible. It is not the purpose of these words to attract attention to the advertisements contained in this or in any other magazine. They are simply intended to give a point of view to the reader which it is possible may not have occurred to him: that the advertisement is not his enemy, but his friend; that it is a distinct literary force, and one which makes the excellence of the modern magazine possible.

#### QUEBEC'S FINANCES.

The finances of the Province of Quebec are not very satisfactory yet, although a slight improvement has been made. The Montreal *Gazette* speaks thus of the recent 1895-6 statement:

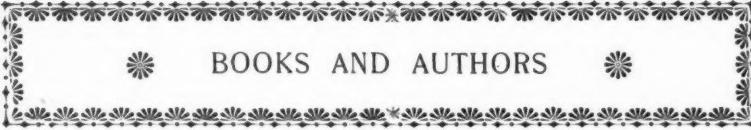
"This time the figures are very satisfactory. They show the ordinary revenue, that is the receipts from the federal subsidies, crown lands, licenses, and other sources, exclusive of realization of capital or borrowings, to have been \$4,268,392. This is lightly less than the figures of 1894-5 when from the same sources there were collected \$4,322,028. The decline is more than made up for, however, by the reduction of the ordinary expenditure, which was \$4,040,188 in 1895-6, as compared with \$4,195,727 in 1894-5.

The "extraordinary" or capital expenditure is given as \$2,325,748, made up of the following items:—

Repayment of railway guarantee deposits .....	\$ 268,241
Repayment of temporary loans .....	1,760,000
Trust funds .....	17,459
Railway subsidies .....	250,186
Re-imbursement of railway subsidies fund .....	29,861

"The nature of the first of these items is generally understood. Certain railway companies, desiring to borrow money on their property to advantage, deposited with the Treasurer of the Province a sum of money sufficient to provide for the interest on the bonds they issued for a term of years, the Province in turn guaranteeing for the period stated, that the interest should be paid. The Government of the day used this money for their ordinary expenditure. . . . There remains to be recouped on the railway interest account a sum of \$723,051, and other trust moneys to the amount altogether of \$995,775, so that it will be some years before the Province is rid of these obligations which, had there been proper, business-like administration in the past, would not have been a charge now upon us.

"The net public debt now stands at \$22,213,058. Though during the year \$1,946,666 was received on account of the sale of bonds, the increase over the figures at the close of 1894-5 is only \$179,505. The difference is represented by the repayment of temporary loans and other obligations. The charge for interest on this large sum was last year \$1,497,429, or \$166,000 more than the amount of the Dominion subsidy and allowances. It is a weight that will be practically a permanent check on the province's undertaking any further large expenditures."



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

FORESTRY is now advanced to the position of a science and is being studied in a manner that is worthy of a scientific age. As such, forestry is valuable in two directions: first, in teaching us the influence of the forests in distributing moisture, regulating temperature, preventing freshets and obviating drouths; second, in showing the world the imperative necessity of a perpetual and unfailing supply of timber.

The subject has now been taken up by the Ontario Government in a most thorough and scientific manner, and the first report of the new Clerk of Forestry, Mr. Thomas Southworth, has just been issued. It fills 132 large pages, and should be read by every Canadian, especially by public and business men.

\*\*

British Columbia is receiving unusual attention at present. Those interested in that rich Province will be glad to learn that a "Year-Book" \* is being prepared under Executive authority by R. E. Gosnell, Legislative Librarian of that Province. It will contain almost everything which one could wish to know about that Province—information similar to the Dominion Year-Book. It will give a brief history of provincial affairs from the earliest settlement; complete statistics concerning production and trade; complete list of the flora and fauna; full information concerning mining, agriculture, fisheries, timber, educational institutions, etc. The profits from its publication will be devoted to a library fund.

\*\*

Macmillan's Colonial Library † continues to grow apace, many valuable titles being recently added. "Wee Willie Winkie" is a collection of fourteen short stories, by the imitable Kipling, including the collections published under the titles "Under the Deodars," and "The Phan-

\* Cloth, \$1.50; Paper, \$1.25. Orders may be sent to R. E. Gosnell, Legislative Library, Victoria, B.C.

† Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

tom Rickshaw." "Casa Braccio," by Marion Crawford, is worthy of a second reading. "Kings in Exile," an illustrated, fantastic, French story, is by Alphonse Daudet, who describes Paris as few writers can, and who is always brilliant and entertaining. "The Release" is an artistic and feminine story of the thrilling times of the Louis XVI. period, and is from the pen of Charlotte M. Yonge.

\*\*

Macmillan's series of "Twelve English Statesmen" has been such a success that they have entered upon the publication of a series entitled "Foreign Statesmen," to be confined to a selection from those who have exercised a commanding influence on the general course of European affairs. The series will be edited by Professor Bury of Trinity College, Dublin.

William Holden Hutton writes of Philip Augustus\* (1165-1223) the man whose task it was to found France in the sense in which we now use the word. "Under him the King of the Franks is first clearly seen to be the Sovereign of Gaul. Great as a conqueror, he was even greater in constructive and unifying power. What he found he consolidated, and what he founded he laid firm. In a century of great men, beside Innocent III. and Frederick I. and Henry II. and St. Bernard, he stands with the greatest.

"When he began to reign, but a very small portion of the French-speaking people owned his sway. As suzerain, his power was divided. Even as immediate lord he was defied and set at nought. But when he died the whole face of France was changed. The King of the Franks was undisputedly the king of by far the greater part of the land.

"Of the forty-three years of his reign, at least twenty-six had been years of war, and from each war the monarchy had risen stronger than before. To restore his power to the strength of Charles the

\* Philip Augustus, by W. H. Hutton; London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

Great, men said he had declared to be his aim. He had done as much as one man could do to accomplish the task." He was acknowledged as overlord by Henry II., Richard I. and John, English sovereigns with extensive French possessions.

He was religious, and aided and protected the church. He even joined the Crusaders against the Saracens. He was generous and charitable, just and merciful, a strong ruler in an unsettled period. To him, France owes much.

\*\*

Two campaign volumes have just been issued by F. Tennyson Neely, New York,\* dealing with both sides of the present political situation. Byron Andrews sets forth the claims of the Republican party in the volume entitled "McKinley and Hobart," while C. M. Stevans, author of "Free Silver," writes of "Bryan and Se-wall and the Great Issue of 1896." Both will, no doubt, have a large sale.

\*\*

A daintily bound volume is Anna Fuller's "A Venetian June,"† As its title implies, the scene is laid in Venice in the month of June and the author takes the opportunity of giving the reader some very interesting information about the city and its customs. The story is the love affair of two young English people, Pauline Beverly and Geoffrey Daymond, but the reader's attention is divided between this and the hopeless love of Colonel Steele, an old soldier, who was Pauline's uncle. This forms quite an interesting side attraction. The plot is simple, but the story is brightly written. It is charmingly illustrated by George Sloane.

\*\*

A new edition of Jane Austen's delightful novel, "Sense and Sensibility,"‡ has just been published in Macmillan's Illustrated Standard Novel Series. It is illustrated by Hugh Thomson, and contains a splendid introduction by Austin Dobson, who thoroughly appreciates Miss Austen's work, and has caught the spirit of it perfectly. It is a pity that he could not have lived a century ago, when Miss Austen was actively producing but found it

difficult to get her novels published. "Sense and Sensibility" was originally written in 1792, in the form of letters, and entitled "Elinor and Marianne," the names of the heroines of the story. It was published under its present title in 1811.

\*\*

"Dr. Nikola,"\* by Guy Boothby, is a thrilling tale of adventure, told by one, Wilfred Bruce, who in company with Dr. Nikola, had ventured into the interior of China in order to penetrate the secrets of a Monkish tribe, living among the mountains of Thibet. Danger follows them right to the end and the account of their many miraculous escapes is very exciting. They owe their escape to Nikola's unfailing courage and also to his knowledge of hypnotism. Having obtained possession of the secrets of the society, they find themselves being continually pursued and their lives in constant danger. As a result of this they are forced to remain in hiding, and his place of hiding, Bruce refuses to reveal even to the friend to whom he writes the story. "But," he continues, "to make my exile easier, I have been permitted that greatest of all blessings—a good wife." The story of how Bruce won his wife adds the necessary touch of romance to the tale.

\*\*

"The Under Side of Things,"† by Lilian Bell, is a very pretty story of a soft, pliant daughter ruled by a mother with an inflexible will, a will "as quiet and deadly as the grave." During her first visit to West Point she falls in love with a bright young cadet, Gordon Counselman by name. When this young man desires her to marry him she almost wrecks his life and hers by being inclined to obey her mother's decided wish that she should marry a certain rich and elderly senator who has taken a fancy to her. She is only prevented by the kindly interference of Kate Vandervoort, the belle of three cities, a brilliant, witty and far-seeing young woman. The plot is by no means startling and the finale is commonplace, but the characters are exceedingly well drawn. The picture of the petty selfishness, mean-

\* Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

† New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, Illustrated. \$1.00.

‡ Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

\* Paper 50c., Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† Harper and Bros., New York. Cloth, gilt top, 241 pp., \$1.25.

ness and narrowness—the under side of things in a small village—is most striking and stamps Miss Bell as a clever artist. Her chief charm as a writer lies, however, in the piquancy of her sayings, the bright epigrammatic humor of which, it is not too much to say, she is a master. Some of her finer touches are perfect, e.g. :—

" That flag which taste and love and patriotism all combine to make us think the most beautiful in the world ; the flag which pulls at your heartstrings like a human thing when you see it floating anywhere ; which makes you want to put your hands on it and love it if you see pictures of it with hosts of others ; which, when you accidentally run across it in Europe, makes you want to kiss, and hug and cry over it, if you are a woman, and stand up and take your hat off to it, if you are a man."

Even we who prefer the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes can appreciate such sentiment.

\*\*

I was somewhat disappointed in Marie Corelli's book "The Mighty Atom." \* It is dedicated to those who believe in education without religion and desire to see purely secular schools. I expected it would be a strong argument in favor of the teaching of religion in schools, but instead it teaches that it is dangerous to bring up children without some religion to which they may pin their childish faiths. Taken as a novel with this latter purpose, it is one of the strongest pieces of work that it has been my good fortune to read since Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" appeared. It is strongly and ably written, while the descriptions of Devonshire scenery are magnificent, never over-done, never wearying. Lionel Valliscourt is ten years of age, the over-educated son of a hard, agnostic father. He is taught that the First Cause is "the mighty atom," and he cannot understand how our beautiful world, an infinitesimal part of a universe of worlds, could be planned and governed by a mere unthinking, unfeeling atom. He becomes lost, mentally lost, and finally over-balanced. The book is a mighty protest against a purely scientific world, a world without faith, without a hope of immortality, without the comfort of a Personal and Omnipotent God.

\*\*

Walter Besant's novels have the taste

\* J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Cloth, 310 pp., \$1.25.

of fairyland about them, even when they deal with the common work-a-day world. "The Master Craftsman" \*\* is no exception. It is a pretty picture of romantic life—the story of a man educated and brought up in comfortable leisure, leaving all this life behind and becoming a happy master ship-builder. Not only does it contain this picture, but it shows the possible success of a man of ambition and of strong will. The two characters form a most wonderfully delightful contrast.

\*\*

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," is at work on an historical novel which, however, will not be published until the autumn of next year, as it will first appear in serial form. A. D. Innes & Co. have secured it.

\*\*

"Hydriotaphia" is a word which is strangely unfamiliar, even the Standard Dictionary fails to have recorded it. Yet it is the name of a book published in London in 1658, the full title being "Hydriotaphia, Urne-buriale, or A Discourse on the Sepulchral Urnes lately found in Norfolk." Between the same covers was also "The Garden of Cyrus, or The Quincuncial, Lozene, or Network Plantations of the Ancients." These two essays were from the pen of Thomas Browne, "Doctor of Physick." The word "Quincunx" is more familiar, being the name for an arrangement of five things in a square or oblong, having one in each corner and one in the centre, as in the five spot of a dice.

This ancient volume has been republished† with full notes and explanations in a neat little volume edited by the late W. A. Greenhill, who also issued an elaborate edition of the *Religio Medici*. Not only is the book quaint and amusing, but Sir Thomas Browne's ideas show a knowledge of ancient literature and customs which must excite the envy of modern antiquarian scholars.

\*\*

As I had never read any of Mary E. Wilkins' books, I took up her latest, "Madelon," ‡ with great anticipations. It

\* Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Paper, \$17 pp., 75 cents.

† Golden Treasury Series, Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

‡ Madelon, by Mary E. Wilkins, author of Pembroke, Jane Field, etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth. 376 pp., \$1.25.

came with the honored imprint of Harpers on its title-page, and what better recommendation could I desire? But before I had read many pages I was disappointed, and when I had completed it, for I did read it through, I was still more "unpleased."

Miss Wilkins has written a book of which the plot and the central character are good. Madelon Hautville is a French half-breed, living in northern Vermont. She might have lived in Quebec, and the story would have been the same. Iroquois blood ran in the veins, and her ancestry was exhibited in her long black hair and piercing black eyes. "She had always attended to the needs of the males of her family with the stern faithfulness of an Indian squaw." "Civilization cruelly bowed this girl, who felt in greater measure than the gently staid female descendants of the Puritan stock around the fire of savage or primitive passions." "Her cheeks and her lips were fuller of warm red life than the two red roses in her black braids" This is Miss Wilkins' heroine, and who could be more passionately loving, more devoted, or more desperately in a fit of jealousy than a daughter of two such races as the French and the Indians.

But Miss Wilkins has failed to analyze her characters sufficiently, or to portray them in colors strong enough to give us her exact idea of each. The firm, bold touch of the master delineator is absent. The result is that towards the last of the book, the reader cannot thoroughly understand the actions of the leading personages in the story.

But worse, perhaps, is her more elementary fault of incorrect and awkward sentence construction. In many places the errors are so numerous and so obtrusive as to destroy the pleasure of the story. "You wait here and not fret." "They looked seldom at the young men and the young men at them, as they sat waiting." "Dorothy slipped out of his arms and stood aside trembling and weeping, with a little worked apron which she wore thrown over her face." (What a difficulty it must have been for her to get through her daily tasks with an apron over her face!) "To give her a certain comfort in holding herself to duty, like a knife to a grindstone." (They must have

intelligent knives in Vermont.) "He could not imagine the possibility, well versed as he was, through his Shakespeare lessons, in the feminine heart, of his sister's yielding her proud maiden will to any man,"

\*\*

"A First Fleet Family" \* opens with some scenes in southern England, at a time when smuggling and lawlessness were prevalent. The leading characters of the story are persons who were on the first fleet that sailed with a party of convicts destined for Botany Bay. Their life in that colony, their escape, and their adventures are interesting and semi-historical. A thread of romance runs through the tale.

\*\*

Ian Maclaren sails for America on September 16th. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie accompanied by Dr. Robertson Nicoll will also arrive in this country about the end of September. They will witness the dramatic production of Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister."

\*\*

Harold Frederic published a great book "The Lawton Girl" † some ten years ago. Since then he has made a name for himself in journalism and refused to turn out ill-digested books. But his abstemiousness gives his new publication a relish and in itself it is one of the strongest books of the year. It is published in England under the title of "Illumination," and in America as "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

The leading character is a young Methodist minister named Theron Ware. On his first charge he is beset by three temptations—a learned and cynical physician, an agnostic Roman Catholic priest and Celia Madden, also of the Roman Catholic faith. Although married, Ware becomes infatuated with this musical young woman, but is finally scorned. Stung to desperation by remorse, and disappointment he goes into a prolonged drunken debauch. Then came the awakening.

There is an every-dayness about the book which is delightful, because the

\* *A First Fleet Family*, by Louis Beake and Walter Jeffrey. Uwin's Colonial Library, No. 10, paper covers, 271 pp.

† *The Damnation of Theron Ware* by Harold Frederic. New York, Stone & Kimball; cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

minor events of minor lives are described with a comic pathos. The scenes are such as may often be met with in rural life, but described much better than they can be seen by the ordinary observer. Yet the novel deals with the highest considerations in life and the arguments and presentations are of a superior order.

\*\*

Conan Doyle is busy upon a new novel which will be serially published during 1897.

\*\*

The Macmillans will publish, in book form, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel "Sir George Tressady," about the middle of September.

\*\*

Mr. Guy Boothby, author of "Dr. Nikola," a review of which is given in this number, will publish in the fall a volume of short stories entitled "Bushigrams."

\*\*

Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Poms of the Larlettes," which is being published by Lamson, Wolff & Co., is almost ready. Mr. Parker has also written a new short serial story, entitled "Cumner's Son."

\*\*

Those who have heard the musical version of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," will be glad to know that Mr. de Koven is now writing music for several more of the child songs of Field. These will be published by Scribners in the fall under the name of the Field de Koven Song Book.

\*\*

Mr. Harold Frederic has commenced a new novel of nearly if not quite the length of "The Damnation of Theron Ware." It will be published in England by Mr. Heinemann, and will deal exclusively with English people and subjects. Mr. Frederic has been for some time London correspondent of the *New York Times*.

\*\*

H. Rider Haggard's Mexican story "Heart of the World" has been brought out in Longman's Colonial Library.\* This book is as full of weird adventures as any of the author's other works, and yet contains a great deal of general information

concerning the ancient Aztec civilization, and the Golden City of Fable, "The Heart of the World." The book is full of graphic and interesting illustrations.

\*\*

Du Maurier's new novel "The Martian," the first part of which is to appear in the October number of *Harper's Magazine*, will be eagerly read. It is said to be not only equal to "Trilby" but, in some respects, to be a superior piece of work. It will not be published in book form until next summer.

\*\*

Hall Caine, S. R. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren are each said to be at work upon a life of Christ. This may be the result of the new scheme of colored illustrations projected by an American magazine, and in connection with which Mr. S. S. McClure is now travelling in Egypt and Palestine, making arrangements for pictures to be used in illustrating a life of Christ to be supplied, it is said, by either Ian Maclaren or Mr. Crockett.

\*\*

"In his new book, "Marget Ogilvie," J. M. Barrie has written of his mother, and has given the book her name. Mrs. Barrie died September 3rd, last, her eldest daughter having preceded her to the grave by only a few hours. It has since been learned that mother and daughter were the original of "Jess" and "Leeby" in "A Widow in Thrums."

A uniform edition of Mr. Barrie's books is to be published by the Scribners, and will bear the name of "The Marget Ogilvie Series."

\*\*

"The King's Revenge,"\* by Claude Bray, author of "To Save Himself," and "The Last of the Dynmokes," is a powerful story, with its scenes laid in the times of the first Edwards of England and in that turbulent district which formed the borderland between England and Scotland. Besides the personal romance which forms a continuous thread through the story, there is that romance of real history which is always pleasing and delectable. The volume will well repay the two hours necessary to read it. Its tone is decidedly wholesome and British.

\* To onto : The Copp, Clark Co.

\* Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co. Paper 50 cents.

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(SEE PAGE 52-3)

MUSK OXEN.

DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, BY A. H. H. HEMING.

